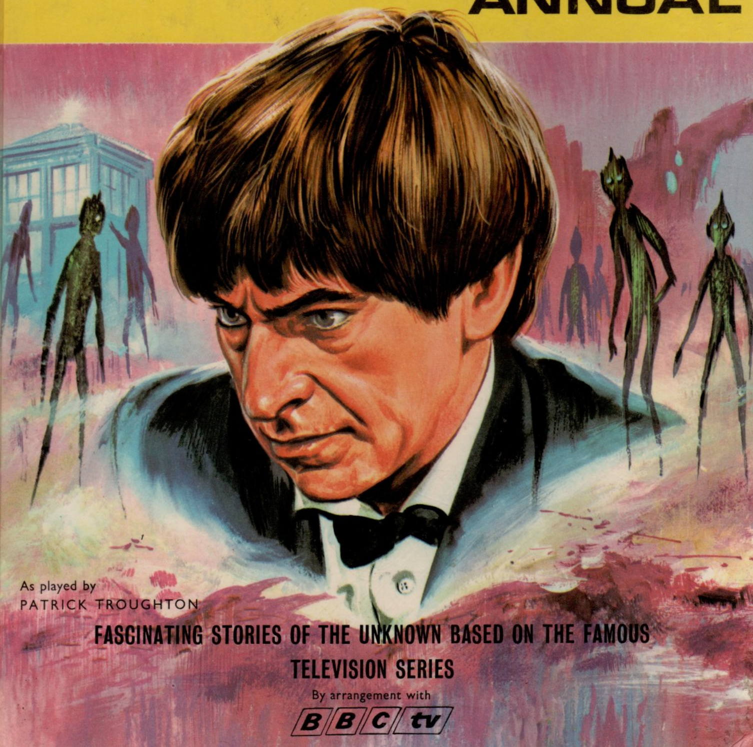
THE DR WHO ANNUAL



As played by
PATRICK TROUGHTON

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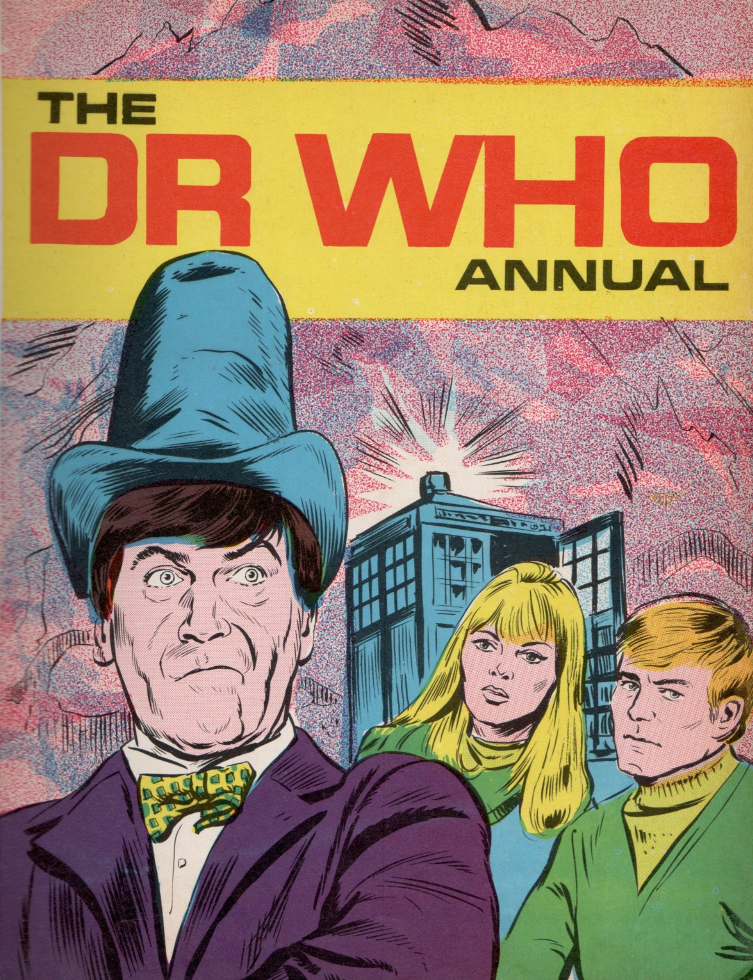
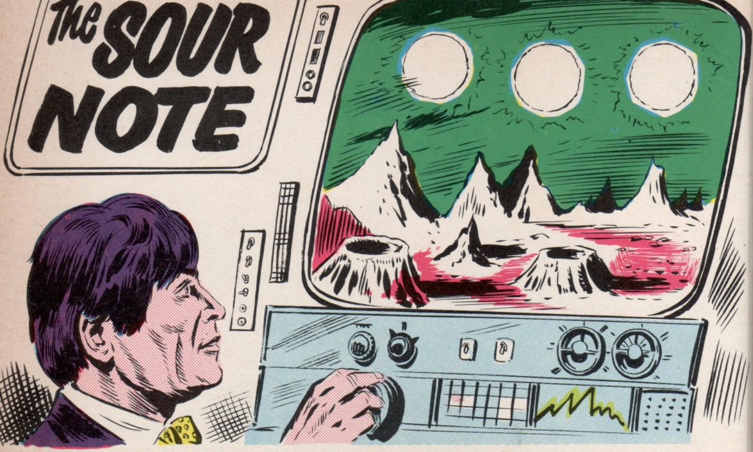


The SOUR NOTE



"I NEED exercise," said Ben, pummelling his midriff. "And the minute we materialise somewhere, I'm going to get it!"

He set off at a trot round the gleaming control-room of the *Tardis*. As he completed the circuit and came back to where she was standing, Polly said: "You can't just go charging outside if it's a strange planet. You *know* there are all kinds of dangers."

Ben started running on the spot. "I don't care!" he declared. "I'm running to seed. Getting fat. No exercise. Must start somewhere."

Dr. Who, sprawled out in a chair with his musical pipe to his lips, gave a whimsical laugh. "So if I throw a few switches right now and the ship materialises in some unknown spot on some unknown planet, you intend to go out for a run, eh?" he leered.

Ben stopped running and glared. "Yes, I do!" he snapped.

Polly saw the doctor begin to get to his feet, and she said hastily: "Oh, don't take any notice of him, Doctor! He just feels a bit—restless!"

"Cooped up, you mean!" said Ben sulkily. He began to prowl about. "It's all very well flying through time and space all your life, and I won't say I don't get a kick out of the adventures, but still—well, I'm young! I need to shake a leg and go, man, go!"

Twirling his pipe, Dr. Who approached the gleaming console of his marvellous conveyance. "My boy! Never shall it be said that I ever repressed a single wonderful spark of Youth!" he said, laying his hand on a lever. "Exercise you want, and exercise you shall have! . . . Now, if you'll just stop prowling about, hold on to the safety rail, and keep an eye on the vision screen, we shall see what we can do for one cooped-up young man!"

The doctor's hands flitted delicately from lever to dial to switch.

Polly watched, fascinated. There was a hollow feeling inside her, and it had nothing to do with the familiar sinking sensation which accompanied the process of materialisation, as *Tardis* fitted its rearranged atoms into a new sphere. It was just that Polly was scared. She knew enough about her two companions to guess that neither would back down . . . Wherever they landed, Dr. Who would open up the doors, and stand back with that twisted grin of his. And Ben's stubborn jaw would set like fast-drying concrete, and he would go jog-trotting out into the unknown like a schoolboy off for a cross-country run on a Sunday afternoon in Kent. . . .

It didn't happen *quite* like that. But *almost!* The vision screens glowed into life, showing a landscape that looked for all the world as if it had been made from a child's building set. Crazy step-and-stair 'mountains' raised their skeletal outlines towards a green velvet sky where three yellow suns swam like a battery of flood-lamps above a theatre stage.

Polly's heart sank at the weird sight. But she was a bit comforted to see that there was no sign of life.

"Have you any idea what planet this is?" she asked, hoping to distract her companions from their conversation of a few moments ago.

Dr. Who shrugged and set his tall

furry hat straight on his head. "No, Polly!" he admitted cheerfully. "Since Ben rather forced me into this snap-decision to materialise, it was all a matter of chance where we would land . . . I must admit that this type of landscape is an entire mystery to me."

Ben took his eager gaze from the vision screens, and began to scan the instruments which reported on conditions outside the ship.

"Well, wherever it is, I can go outside and get my exercise," he announced. "All right with you, Doctor?"

Dr. Who grinned impishly. "Off you go, my boy! Have a good run round, and then come back and tell us what you saw, eh?"

He opened the door of *Tardis*, and then went off into one of the store-rooms.

Polly walked outside with Ben. They stood close together and looked with awe at the broken outlines of towering boulders, trees, mountains and peaks.

"I used to have a building kit when I was about six," mused Ben. "I was always making landscapes like this on the kitchen table!"

He sounded a bit wistful, and Polly was touched. She put a soft hand on his arm. "Ben—don't go!" she said. "I mean don't go far . . . Just run round and round the rocks, where we can see you!"

"What, and have the Doctor watching me while he twiddled on his pipe? Not me!" snorted Ben.

He rolled up his sleeves and took a deep breath. Before Polly could say any more, he was loping industriously across the barren ground towards the skeletal mountains.

"There goes a very determined young man!" Dr. Who was standing behind her, and she turned to find something like admiration in his twinkling eyes. "Strange, you know, Poll, but since my—er—'reincarnation' I have found myself thinking in an altogether more youthful vein," he said. She watched in silence as he took a deep breath and let it out slowly. "Hm! Yes. I think a little exercise would do us all good, eh? Shall we follow Ben?"

As the doctor strode away, Polly hurried to catch up, chuckling inside. All he wanted was to keep an eye on Ben! For all his sardonic ways and whimsical fancies, it was plain that when it came to the crunch he would no more think of letting Ben wander off alone on a strange planet than he would ever leave his musical pipe behind.

But though they kept up a brisk pace, Ben was soon out of sight beyond one of the crazy step-and-stair mountains.

They hurried after him. To their amazement, the 'Mountain' had no depth at all. They passed round the cuboid crags at its foot and found themselves in a sort of arena.

Polly gave a scream. "Doctor—look out!"

Towering above them was a monster that almost defied description . . . Was it a machine or a creature born of this nightmare planet?

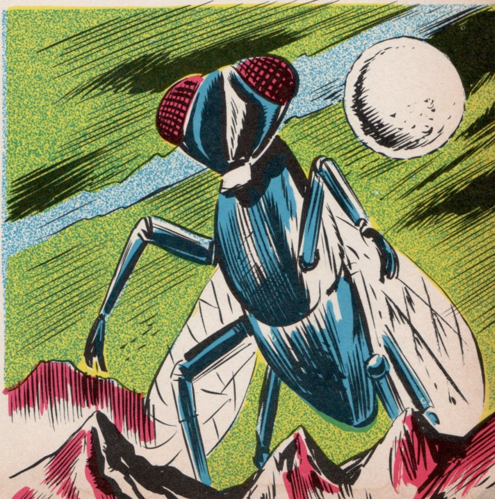
It had the vague shape of a monstrous grasshopper. Its body was of solid metal, glinting like bluish steel. It balanced on hind legs that seemed tubular and jointed, and the two fore legs were similar but they hung out from the body, and with their three-toed claws they looked like the attachment to some giant mechanical scoop.

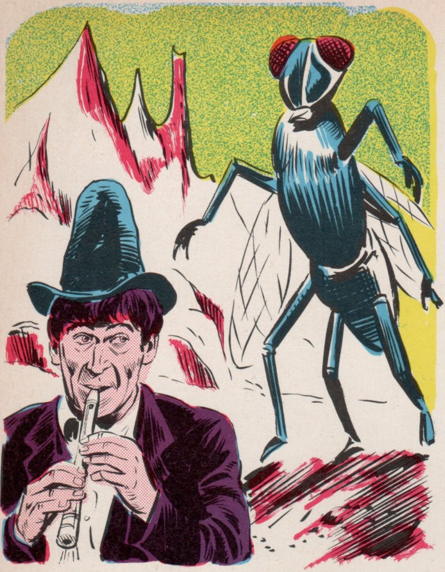
The head was about twelve feet long, pear shaped, with bulging globe-like eyes. The mouth—or what served as one—was a dark opening in the underside of the pear. There was a tubular neck, and the head appeared to be wired on to the body.

Polly felt Dr. Who stiffen, and she moved closer to him. Then she remembered Ben. "Where is he?" she gasped, looking wildly around. "You don't think this thing has. . . ?"

Although she could not bring herself to say the word 'eaten', Dr. Who knew what she meant. He squeezed her trembling shoulder . . . "I doubt whether the thing eats anything, Polly. It seems to be some kind of grotesque robot. It is probably controlled from a central point—perhaps a place hidden below the surface of this inhospitable planet."

Keeping her fascinated gaze on the huge head towering above them,





Polly whispered: "But it must have a purpose, Doctor . . . Nobody would make a robot like that without a purpose."

Dr. Who scratched his nose and nodded. "Quite right. And the purpose that springs to my mind is—a robot guardian or watchdog."

"But *what* is it guarding in a place like this?" Polly wanted to know.

Dr. Who moved cautiously sideways, so that he could see beyond the giant robot. He gave an exclamation and pointed. "Ah! There! Look, Polly! You see that opening in the rocks—there in the centre of the arena? It must be the entrance to an underground settlement . . . Now, let's see if my little theory about a watchdog was correct!"

He stooped and picked up a large rock. With a swift movement, he flung it into the arena. But the robot was faster: its ungainly head swooped down with incredible speed—and the flying boulder vanished.

"It—it swallowed the stone!" gasped Polly.

But Dr. Who held up a warning hand. "Ssh! Listen!"

Some high-pitched notes were shivering through the air. The great, ungainly head of the robot was moving from side to side, as if beating time to the rhythm of the notes. Dr. Who's shrewd eyes narrowed as he watched.

"I wonder . . ." he mused, half to himself. "Those notes are obviously signals that control the robot's actions . . . Now, if I could——"

He broke off, and Polly saw him raise his pipe to his lips. For a moment she thought he was going to play a tune as he figured out the problem. Then, in a flash, she realised what he intended . . . He was about to imitate the warbling notes that seemed to control the robot!

The notes from the doctor's pipe mounted into the still air of that dead planet. His amazing memory served him well. He was able to mimic with startling accuracy the high-pitched notes he had just heard.

The effect was startling.

"Look! It's beginning to move!" gasped Polly. "It—it's coming alive!"

Dr. Who said nothing. He just kept on playing. But now he was moving backwards, and motioning to Polly to follow. For the monstrous metal 'grasshopper' was stalking forward on its gangling jointed legs.

Dr. Who grabbed Polly's hand and turned to run. "What are you doing, Doctor?" she gasped as they raced towards *Tardis*. "Why do you want it to follow us?"

He took his pipe from his lips long enough to pant: "I have instruments in the *Tardis* that will tell us whether or not poor Ben has been swallowed by this creature!"

Every step they drew nearer to the blue police telephone-box caused Polly's heart to rise. Once inside *Tardis*, she knew, not even the fantastic 'watchdog', or whatever strange hidden race controlled it, could harm them.

But she was sick at heart at the thought of Ben . . . How could he have avoided being caught by the monster? He had gone jog-trotting round the mountain, with his chin tucked into his chest, not looking where he was going. He must have attempted to run straight past the Thing, and that fearsome head must have swooped down and——

Dr. Who was still trilling on his pipe. With lungs straining they stumbled the last few yards to the doors of the *Tardis*.

Dr. Who paused on the threshold. He stopped tottling on his pipe, and felt his chest with a weak hand. "Ouf! I must say—puff—that Ben was right—puff puff—travelling through time and space does your wind no good at all—puff!"

But Polly, watching the monster, saw that it was now responding to the same high-pitched notes they had heard in the arena. She saw the two fore-legs begin to swoop, and the grab-like claws open . . .

"Look out!" she screamed. "It's going to attack!"

They flung themselves backwards through the doors into *Tardis*. The metal claws ground harshly against the walls.

Polly came trembling to her feet. "You see—it really *is* vicious!" she gasped. "It *must* have eaten Ben!"

"Eaten me! What's all this about?" came a voice behind them.

They whirled. Ben stood grinning at them from the control-room. "Where have you two been?" he asked. "I had my little run around, and came back to find you gone."

Dr. Who moved grumpily towards his controls. "It seems we have been wasting our sympathy, Polly," he began.

But the rest of his remark was lost as the *Tardis* lurched, and all three went sprawling.

"Look!" gasped Polly, pointing at the vision screens. Now they could see the metal monster towering over the *Tardis* in a fury. Its tubular legs slashed down with stunning force . . . Obviously it had received an order to "destroy at all costs".

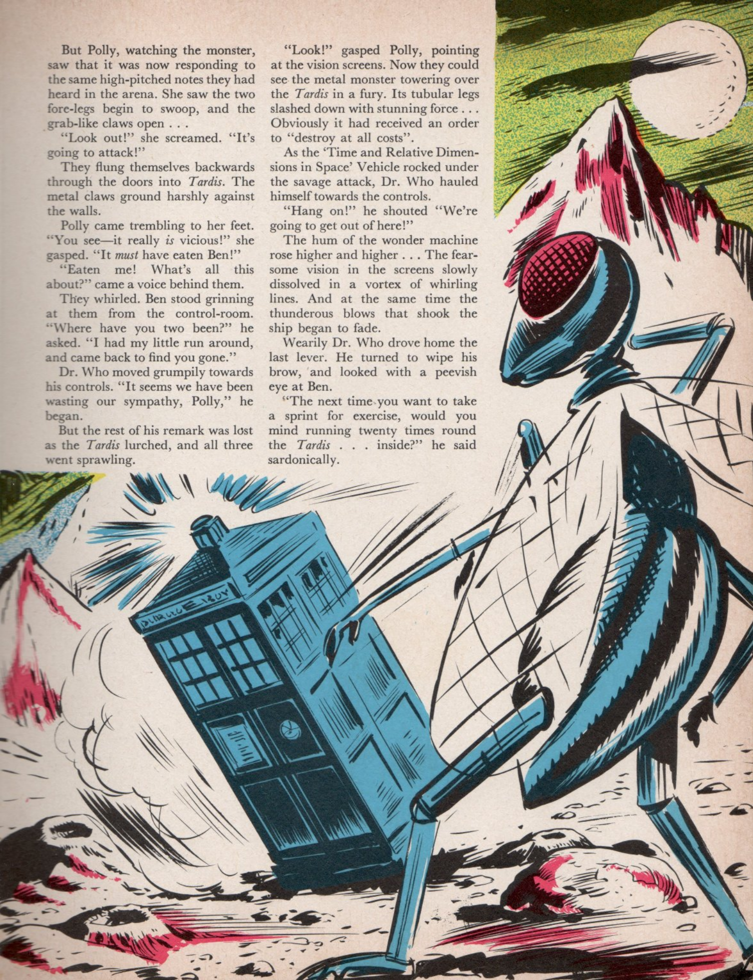
As the 'Time and Relative Dimensions in Space' Vehicle rocked under the savage attack, Dr. Who hauled himself towards the controls.

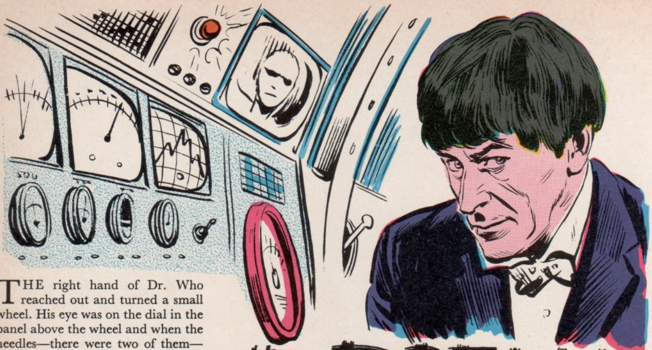
"Hang on!" he shouted "We're going to get out of here!"

The hum of the wonder machine rose higher and higher . . . The fearsome vision in the screens slowly dissolved in a vortex of whirling lines. And at the same time the thunderous blows that shook the ship began to fade.

Wearily Dr. Who drove home the last lever. He turned to wipe his brow, and looked with a peevish eye at Ben.

"The next time you want to take a sprint for exercise, would you mind running twenty times round the *Tardis* . . . inside?" he said sardonically.





The DREAM MASTERS

THE right hand of Dr. Who reached out and turned a small wheel. His eye was on the dial in the panel above the wheel and when the needles—there were two of them—touched fifteen and fifteen hundred respectively on the inner and outer circles, he stopped turning. At the same time as he was doing this his left hand was pressing home a lever, one, two, three, four, five notches; then it was still and went to the next lever in the row and the whole procedure was repeated on the second lever. At the same time, his right hand had passed to another wheel under another dial, calibrated as the first, and the right hand turned the wheel until the needles touched fifteen and fifteen hundred as before.

This kind of thing had been going on for over a week, ever since the *Tardis* had materialised into this enormous laboratory or workshop, or whatever you liked to call it, and he was getting most heartily sick of it.

But his mind was becoming so very muzzy and confused that thoughts like that didn't often cross it. On the first occasion when his mind had rebelled—that was just three hours since he had been led to this seat—he had stopped operating the two actions. After three seconds, he had thought he was going to die. A powerful electric shock had shot through his body and, purely by instinct, his right and left hands had grabbed out for the wheel and the lever, as he had been taught to do. Instantly, the shock had left him.

He had tried it again, once or twice, and each time the same thing had happened. It began to look, therefore, as if his only hope of saving his life was to go on turning that wheel and pushing that lever, endlessly, hour after hour, day after day.

The Masters were very kind, of course. The attendants fed him well. The food wasn't very pleasant to eat, but it was obviously very nourishing for, physically, he had never felt so well in his life.

And then there were the dreams. Ah, the dreams! They were the best reward of all. In the little bed beside his machine he slept night after night and while he slept he went through the most delightful dreams the mind of man has ever conceived. In the dreams, he was always the hero, rescuing lovely girls, winning rich prizes, fighting off enemies, always without any harm coming to him. In the dreams he had been a prince, a king, an emperor. The whole world and all its riches had been his. His every desire had been granted as soon as the mere thought came into his mind. The places he visited when he slept were the most delightful places one could think of. The weather was always warm and balmy, it never rained or snowed. The flowers and the trees and the buildings were the most luxurious and beautiful he had ever even imagined. The colours were so brilliant, the perfumes were so sweet, that his heart yearned to sleep as soon as the great bell tolled on the attendants' departure after serving the evening meal, and as the lights on the panels in front of him were going out one by one.

The company was good too. There were many thousands of panels like his and at each of them sat a man or a woman. On one side of him sat a pleasant young fellow who called himself Ben and on the other a rather pretty girl who said her name was Polly.

Jolly companions they seemed and he would have been glad to have had a real good chat with them. Only, of course, there never was time. If you stopped, the electric shock came and you felt that you couldn't risk too many of those.

And, at night, when it was time to sleep, if one tried to stay awake and perhaps talk to one's companions, there were the nightmares.

You couldn't dare having any more of those. With too many of those horrific nightmares a man might go mad; he might even die of absolute terror. They came even if you woke up by chance at night. The lovely dream would be instantly obliterated and the black horrible nightmare would come. One didn't even dare to try and remember what they were like when one awoke. The thought came that even to remember them might bring madness.

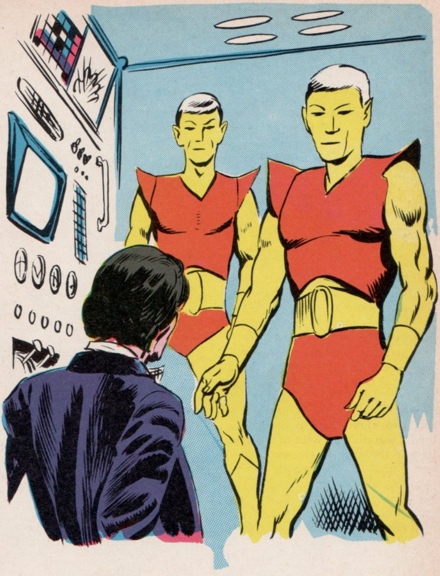
So his terror was extreme when, on that day, one of the attendants leaned over him as he served the evening meal and spoke to him. It was the very first time since he had come to this place that anyone had ever spoken to him and that was shock enough.

"I've switched off the monitor of your machine," said the low voice. "I've done the same to the man on your left and the girl on your right. We know you are not natives of Dorada; we know you three came into our world in that strange box over there. You are our only hope now and we have ready for you three helmets that our secret scientists have invented. Put one on and you will cease to dream and you will cease to have the nightmares. You will cease also to have the electric shocks."

"But I don't want to stop dreaming," objected Dr. Who, and his voice sounded strange to him, it seemed so long since he had used it. "I love the dreams; I can't do without them."

"You like the nightmares better, perhaps?" said the blank-faced man.

"No, no," Dr. Who almost shrieked. "Not that. Not the nightmares."



"The helmet will keep away the nightmares as well as the dreams. But it must be both; you cannot have one without the other. Now here is what you must do. You must go on as you have been doing, turning your wheels and pressing your levers. I will feed you as I have always done. You will not feel a shock if you lag behind but, if you do, it will be noticed up above, as the production flags. There will be investigations and maybe our whole plan will be discovered. It will not be for long that you have to go on doing this. The plan is well forward and your instructions will come up to you from below very shortly."

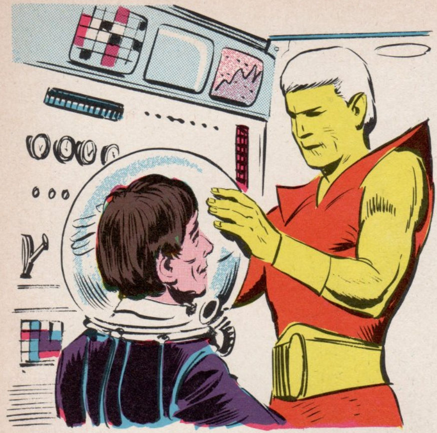
Dr. Who shook himself and he looked again at the man and the girl. Why, that was Polly and that was Ben. Where had they been all this time?

His brain began to clear a little and he stared over at the strange blue cabinet near the blank wall behind him. What an odd thing to find here! That flashing light on the top of it was fascinating, wasn't it? There was something tantalisingly familiar about that blue cabinet, if only he could remember.

"Dr. Who," murmured Ben, "where are we and how long have we been here?"

"What is this place, doctor?" asked Polly. "My head's beginning to ache dreadfully. I think I'll lie down and sleep. There will be such lovely, lovely dreams——"

"You can't sleep now," said Ben in great alarm. "The bell hasn't



sounded yet and the lights are still going on. Doctor, doctor, why aren't we feeling the shocks? We've all stopped working."

"Listen, you two," said the doctor, his brain beginning to clear. "You must keep on turning your wheels and pressing your levers exactly as before. Don't ask any questions; I don't know the answers. Just do as I say. I feel it most strongly that we must do as this attendant tells us to."

"But I want to dream," wailed Polly. "I want the lovely dreams."

"You'll get the nightmares if you don't do as I say," snapped the doctor, and, with a face of terror, Polly turned round to her machine again. Ben did the same and the doctor followed suit. Only just in time, for the lights had been racing madly across the panels and only now did they slow down to their normal speed. The attendant looked terrified.

"We must hope the temporary failure will not be noticed up above," he said. "Now, as soon as the bells ring and the lights die, lie down as usual to sleep. But—stay awake this night. Your instructions will come to you during the sleeptime and there will be no dreams and no nightmares. I have stayed too long already. You will see me again before the morning bell sounds. Then all will be made clear to you. Farewell."

But the three could not sleep when the bell rang and the light died.

They had never been awake before when the machines had stopped. They looked round them at the weirdly familiar place which was now all the world to them. Ben pointed to the blue cabinet.

"What's that queer-looking thing over there?" he asked.

"The attendant said that we had come here inside that thing," Dr. Who replied.

"Come inside that!" brayed Ben derisively. "Why, that thing couldn't hold two of us, let alone three. Anyway, we couldn't have come in it. We've been here always, haven't we?"

"I do miss those lovely dreams," sighed Polly. "I used to long all day for the time when I would sleep and experience those lovely, lovely dreams. Do you know, Ben—that's your name, isn't it?—last night I dreamed I was the queen of a whole world, with millions of people my subjects. My palace was filled with tall, handsome princes, all in shining jewelled clothes——."

"And I was the king of another world," said Ben ruefully. "I'd conquered my world and my world was filled with huge shining buildings and fleets of fast aircraft——."

"Brain-washing, that's it," said Dr. Who and he slapped his knee. "That is what all this place is, a huge brain-washing factory. But what's it all for? What is that blue cabinet in which the man said we came? Who is that man and who are these Masters he keeps talking about?"

"You find out, doctor," said Polly sleepily and she began to doze off. Ben stifled a yawn and stretched out on his bed. He closed his eyes and the doctor knew from their faces that, at least, they were not suffering from the nightmares. That strange blank-faced man had promised that the nightmares would not come, nor would the dreams.

Greatly daring, Dr. Who stood up and looked round him. Row upon row of machines identical to his stretched into the far distance either way. The lights were all out and the minders slept on their mattresses beneath. In the distant ceiling dim lights glowed and the place was completely soundless.

Then came a sound and the attendant was with him again. In his hand he held three light helmets with wires trailing to belts. Without saying a word he strapped a belt round the doctor's waist and put the accompanying helmet on his head.

It was as though a flash of lightning had lit up Dr. Who's brain. His first impulse was of awful horror. This place, these thousands of human beings, turning their wheels and pushing their levers, they were zombies, as he had been a moment ago. As Ben and Polly had been before they too wore the helmets.

And there was the good old *Tardis*, standing there waiting for them to open the door and get away from this frightful place. To think he hadn't known what it was a moment before!

"Whoever you are, friend," he said to the blank-faced man, "we can have no other feelings but great gratitude for releasing us from our slavery. I will remember soon, I suppose, all the events leading up to my imprisonment in that chair ——." He looked down at it and shuddered. "When I have gone from this unhappy place I shall remember you always."

"There is something you must do before we permit you to go," said the other. "This place, which you truly call a prison, is but one of many thousands spread all over Dorada, deep in the ground beneath. There are millions of my fellow-Doradans who have never seen the surface of their own world. They were born down here and they will die down here, as many generations of us have done. Tonight is the night of their release. When we realised that you three newcomers were aliens, we who have planned this thing for many hopeless years knew that the moment had come. You three can do what none of us could do."

Dr. Who frowned, then grinned impishly. "I don't think I like the use of that word aliens," he said pleasantly. "Still, I suppose to you we *are* aliens. But what is this thing that *we* can do which you cannot?"

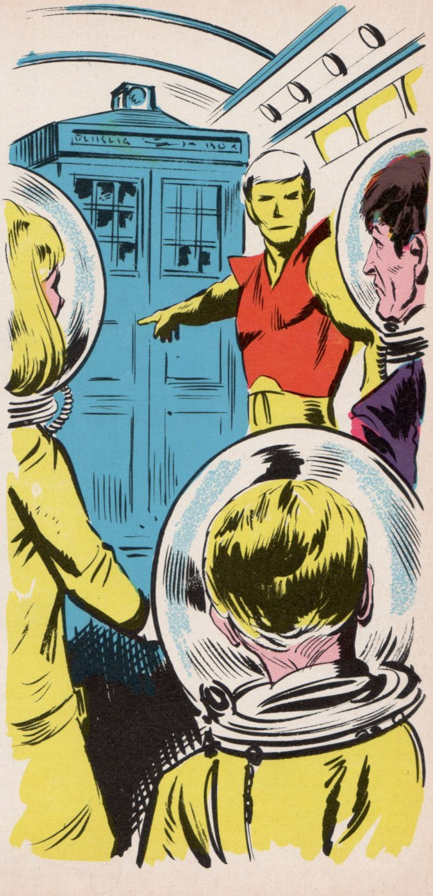
"We want you to kill the Masters," was the blank-faced man's reply.

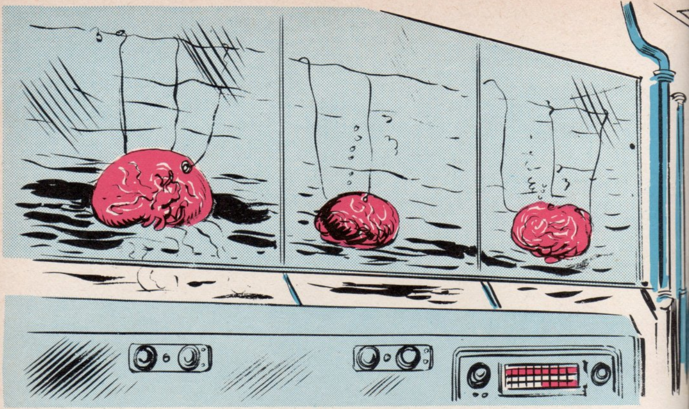
"Hey, hey," gasped Ben. "What's all this? We're not going to kill anybody. What's the big idea, dough-face? If you've got someone to kill, you set about it yourself."

"There are but three helmets completed," was the mournful reply. "The material of their manufacture is so scarce and so unattainable that these three took years to accumulate. There were none of us who could wear them until you came. Without the helmets none of us can even approach them."

"You mean the Masters," said Dr. Who. "Who, or what, are the Masters?"

"They are responsible for all this," was the reply. "They sit up there and they manufacture the dreams and the nightmares. They watch the





meters and, as the computers turn out the production figures, if any fall below the target, the meter shows it and a tentacle shoots an electric charge to the minder of that machine."

The doctor's blood froze. "You said *tentacle*?" he muttered. "Are these Masters then not human beings?"

"Once they were, many, many generations ago," was the reply. "Now they are nothing but brains, huge pulsing brains which do nothing but think. They have limbs which had withered until they are nothing but tentacles. They are no longer human; they do not deserve the name."

"But . . . but . . . ." Ben strove to understand. "But what do they do all this for? What good does it do for them or for anybody? Is this world crazy?"

"Nine-tenths of the population of Dorada live in these catacombs, from birth to death. They are well fed and well cared for. They have their dreams and their nightmares. They have their electric shocks and they grow to love their seats and their machines. They became more precious to them than life itself.

"Up above on the surface, under our star and the blue sky at day and the stars at night, dwells a race who came to us from beyond the stars, many many generations ago. There are only a few thousand of them now, for they are very long-lived. They live a life of ease and luxury with an entire planet for their garden, while down below are the millions of disinherited Doradans who mind the machines that manufacture all the necessities and the luxuries that fill the lives of those above."

"It isn't to be believed," said Dr. Who staunchly. "The thing is a fairy-tale, told to scare us. Such a state of affairs could never exist on our Earth, let alone start. You said the Masters were human—once? How did they become what you say they now are?"

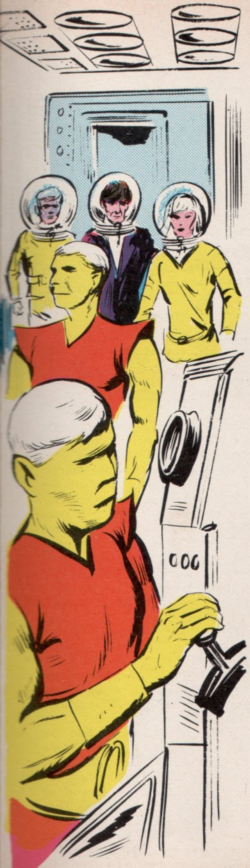
"Come, I will show you," said the blank-faced man and he led the way up the empty aisle. "Here is a ventilation shaft. When I open the hatch all go inside after me. I will lead."

Dazedly they followed him. A glance round at the alternative convinced them.

"A few of us began to meet in these ventilation shafts many years ago," the man told them. "I was born inside one of these shafts. That is why I am not a machine-minder. I was placed by the plotters into the class of attendants. I was trained for many months into imitating the looks and the talk of the brain-washed Doradans who feed the minders. I was chosen to give you the helmets when I reported your coming in the blue box. We feel that now you have come we can wait no longer; we must strike tonight."

"How strike?" muttered the doctor anxiously. "This organisation is world-wide. What can such puny efforts as ours do to upset the balance of this world which you yourself say has been going on for many generations?"

"Outside this hatch," said the blank-faced man, "is the Hall of the Masters. Here sit the hundred once-human Brains who control the whole vast system of manufacture without which the aliens cannot live. They have grown soft and lazy over the years, and all those marvellous weapons with which they conquered Dorada in the dim past are now useless and forgotten. The hundred



behind the hatch have to be destroyed. If we accomplish this then we destroy the aliens."

"Phew!" muttered the doctor and he stepped out of the open hatchway. There was a small group of men like their companion waiting for them. One of them approached the three from Earth. "You know what you have to do?"

"Look here," said Ben hotly. "We haven't said we'd do anything yet."

"Hush, Ben," warned Polly. "They'll hear you, those awful great white things up there."

"They cannot hear," said the man who had greeted them. "They no longer have organs of hearing or of sight. They can hear my thoughts but they cannot hear yours, beneath those helmets. You will do this thing for us?"

"Look, friend," said the doctor patiently. "We're just travellers in space and time, who have blundered on to this strange world of yours. We aren't killers, I mean to say, we can't kill these . . . these . . . things. They were once human, we are told. These hundred are the ancestors of all of you here. If you wanted them killed, why didn't you do it yourselves, long ago?"

"We have all been indoctrinated with the primal prohibition to harm any of these Masters," was the calm reply. "It was done to us all at birth and only those who were born in the ventilation shafts are immune from that prohibition."

Dr. Who turned to their guide, the blank-faced man. "Then he shall do it. After all, he is a Doradan, isn't he? He should be glad to do this for his own people down here."

"He and his like are too precious to us to risk," was the calm reply. "When we have done what must be done, there will be great need of men and women who are not indoctrinated at birth, to lead us out into the surface world and operate that world again, once we have overthrown the aliens out there. If he, or his like, were to approach the Masters, their brain-power would render him at once a complete and incurable idiot. You three, in those three helmets, which are all we can have, must do this thing or it will not be done."

"I say," said Ben, mopping his forehead and groaning to Polly, "that's a rough choice. What do you think, doctor?"

Dr. Who had been staring fascinated at the hundred huge glass cabinets up there in a long gallery. The brain was perhaps twelve feet in diameter and it pulsed and wavered as the blood surged through it from innumerable pipes down at floor-level. A tiny caricature of a face, without eyes, nose or ears—just a white blob—was at the front. Four long tentacles, once the arms and legs, waved around the thing. And there were a hundred of these Dream Masters to control a planet's slave population and work ceaselessly and tirelessly as slaves themselves of the aliens who lived in the light above the surface.

The doctor shuddered helplessly. He turned away. These brains were human beings—or had been human beings—once, long ago. Each was still the brain of a human man or woman, containing the mind and the personality of that ancient and deathless individual. They could not do this killing.

"No," he said flatly. "We cannot kill these things, monsters though they are. We cannot kill a hundred living beings."

The man who had met them in the Hall of the Masters turned to his group.

"I need a volunteer," he said calmly. "I was born outside the shafts and the Masters have the frequencies of my brain currents in their computer banks. I will be one and for the other I need a man who was born inside a shaft. We will convince these other aliens that they must do what must be done and what only they can do."

The blank-faced attendant stepped forward. "I will go with you."

As in a dream, Dr. Who and Ben and Polly watched the pair walk calmly towards the banks of wheels and switches in the panels beneath the gallery where sat the Brains in their tanks of nutrient fluids. By some instinct the doctor knew that these were the machines which controlled the life-processes of the hundred in the gallery.

He saw the two Doradans stretch out a hand and then he saw them fall to the ground. The attendant became in an instant a raving, gibbering idiot and one of the group strode forward and hit him a blow on the neck. He fell lifeless to the ground.

The other had fallen too but smoke was coming from his head and to their utter horror the three from Earth saw his brain burst and smoke issue from it.

Polly was crying and Ben was swearing under his breath.

Dr. Who, pale beneath the helmet, stepped to the man who had felled the attendant. "Tell me what I must do," he said, pale-faced but determined.

"The red wheels supply the blood-purifiers," said the man, stony-faced. "The green levers control the oxygen and the yellow levers control the cleansing wastes. There are a hundred of these panels. It will take you some time and we cannot approach. You have seen ——."

"We have seen," said the doctor grimly. "It was enough. Polly, Ben, come with me."

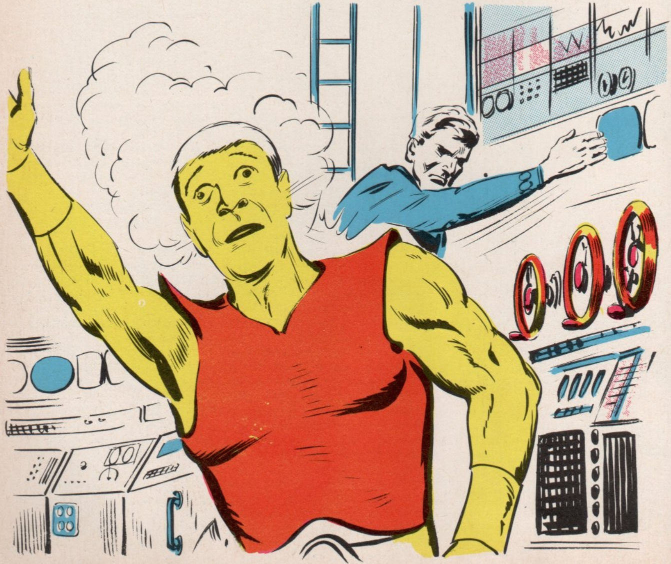
They went after him obediently and together the three approached the panels.

The Brains above were moving inside their tanks and Dr. Who felt pulses of power beating on his helmet. But he paid no heed and went about his task, as did Ben and Polly.

When it was done, he looked up at last and saw that the Brains inside their cases were dying, one by one, like fishes deprived of oxygen and food. The tanks were clouding and the Brains fell to the bottom, lifeless at last.

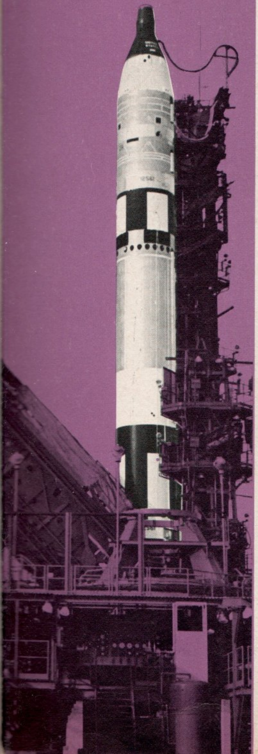
Dr. Who turned to the group of Doradans with a pale face. "We have done what you asked. Take us now back to the blue cabinet in the hall of the machines. We want no more of Dorada."

The group stared sombrely at the three from Earth. "We thank you, alien friends, we thank you indeed. We of Dorada have many, many years of reconstruction ahead of us. Go back to the happy world which has bred such people as you, while we of Dorada strive to make of our unhappy world a place fit again for proper men and women to live in."



AIMING FOR THE MOON

by Kevin McGarry



Man is aiming for the Moon.

Will the Russians get there first, or the Americans? It is an exciting race—and nobody can be sure how it will end . . . or when!

The United States has said that its attempt will be made "in the latter part of this decade"—so there should be an Earth Colony on the Moon before the year 2000.

Does that seem a long way off? Well, it isn't! And there is a lot to do before the Great Day. So let us look at some of the American preparations.

On a desolate prairie about 22 miles south of Houston, Texas, a group of concrete and glass buildings rise out of the flat, dry grassland. This is the U.S. Manned Spacecraft Centre.

It is the home base for America's moon-bound spacemen.

It is here that astronauts train for their Project Gemini and Project Apollo flights.

The Apollo spacecraft carries three men. Naturally it is a much more complicated affair than the one-man Mercury capsule, and it has three main sections, called modules.

At the training centre in Texas are several laboratories for the design and testing of spacecraft equipment. Some 5,000 scientists, engineers and others are engaged in the work.

The astronauts undergo many kinds of training to keep them up-to-date with new ways of space flight. They even go to school! Sitting at desks and looking at a blackboard, they study hard to become expert geologists and astronomers. They must be geologists and know all about different rocks and minerals because the first Apollo mission includes bringing back to earth 30 kilograms (about 65 pounds) of carefully selected lunar materials.

There are machines which imitate space flights. In this way astronauts get used to all possible conditions they might encounter. One training machine provides realistic practice in the meeting and fastening together of two spacecraft. This is called the "rendezvous-and-docking" technique.

The astronauts use a full-scale model of the Gemini spacecraft. They also make regular trips in a centrifuge, to become accustomed to the forces of acceleration and deceleration.

A centrifuge is a chamber called a gondola, in which the spaceman sits. It is spun round on the end of a long arm, and it can produce forces of 40G or more. The "G" is the measure of acceleration force. A force of, say, 3G means a force three times that of normal gravity. So a man subjected to 3G feels three times heavier than normal. Everything else becomes heavier in proportion.

Zero G is called weightlessness—another problem the astronaut must face. Zero G causes liquids to crawl along the walls of their containers. This makes it very tricky to store or pump water in the spacecraft, and just as hard to handle liquid oxygen and liquid nitrogen for cabin atmosphere.

Before man can be at home in space he must know how to deal with problems like these.

There are many problems, of course. Space is a harsh region of stark contrasts. Because there is no appreciable atmosphere, there is no dispersion of light. Celestial bodies glow with unusual brilliance. For the same reason, space around celestial bodies is blacker than the darkest night on Earth.

The sun's heat bakes one side of a spacecraft while the dark side of the same spacecraft freezes in subzero cold.

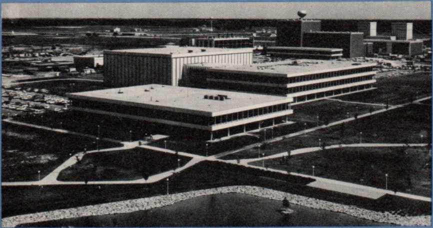
Space is punctuated by meteoroids. Small ones may pierce the thin hull of a spacecraft or the material of a space suit.

These problems are being studied at another American space centre, the Langley Research Centre at Hampton, Virginia. There astronauts are trained with the help of several "simulators"—machines which make-believe that the pilot is actually hurtling through space.

One of these simulators is called LOLA, which is short for Lunar Orbit and Landing Approach. The pilot sits

▲
A view of the Manned Spacecraft Centre, looking north.

◀ *Astronaut Frank Borman, command pilot of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's Gemini VII space flight, sits in one-man life raft while undergoing water egress training in the Gulf of Mexico.*



◀ *Another view of the Manned Spacecraft Centre.*

The Apollo Mission Simulator crew station, including the optical system which will supply the "out of the window" views. The Apollo Mission Simulator is a primary training system which will prepare Apollo astronauts for flights. Standing nearly thirty feet high and weighing approximately forty tons, the simulator is designed to familiarise Apollo crews with equipment, crew tasks, mission procedures and emergency flight situation.
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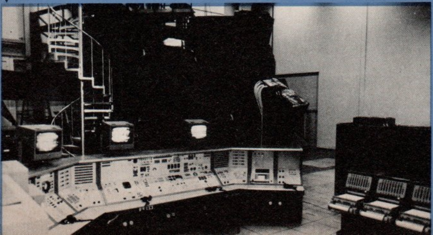
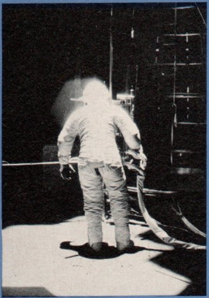
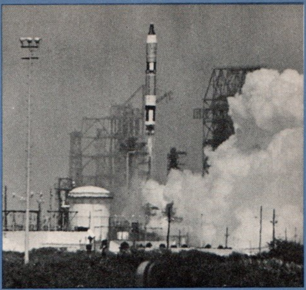




▲
Test subject Robert Piljay stands under the direct solar radiation rays in Chamber B of the Space Environmental Simulation Laboratory at the Manned Spacecraft Centre. The rays come from the carbon arc lamps inside the chamber to simulate the direct rays of the sun on a subject in space. Piljay is the first test subject to enter the new chamber under high vacuum and thermal conditions.

UNITED
STATES



▲
The Gemini VIII spacecraft being launched by a Titan II booster from Kennedy Space Centre. After years of intensive experiments and training a rendezvous in space was finally achieved.

◀
A test subject from the Manned Spacecraft Centre in Houston wears the International Latex space suit as he climbs a ladder of lunar module on the lunar simulation area.

in a dark cockpit which resembles the interior of a spacecraft module. He looks out of windows that enable him to see the moon's surface and to judge as he draws closer or pulls farther away how to manoeuvre his craft.

He flies his craft from 100 miles to 200 feet above the moon.

Actually, the pilot is looking at pictures on television screens. They are pictures of relief maps, made of moulded fibreglass, based upon the best photographs taken by telescopes of the moon.

Another simulator gives the astronaut practice in the gravity condition he would experience on the moon. It is called the "Lunar Walker", and it includes an inclined walkway which represents the moon's surface. The astronaut is supported by a system of slings suspended from a movable trolley. He is tilted about 80 degrees from the vertical so that he can walk "straight" on the inclined walkway.

By this means the apparatus removes all but one-sixth of the man's weight from his legs. For this would be his problem on the Moon!

When three American astronauts finally guide their Apollo spacecraft into orbit around the Moon, two of them will transfer to the Lunar Excursion Module, or Bug, as it is often called. This is the section that will ferry them to the Moon's surface.

Having climbed through an air-lock into the Bug, the two spacemen will detach it from the main spacecraft, fire retro rockets to throw it out of orbit, and descend towards the Moon.

Close above the surface they will fire the motors again, so that the Bug hovers while they look for a good place to land.

Finally the spidery legs of the Bug will extend, and it will lower itself gently on to the Moon.

After a day or so collecting samples, taking photographs, and carrying out scientific experiments, the two Moon explorers will re-enter the Bug. They will blast off, leaving the Bug's legs behind. They will link-up again with the parent spacecraft in orbit. Having transferred back to the main body of the craft and met up with their companion, they will set off on the return journey to earth, leaving the Bug behind in orbit round the Moon.

PHOENIX IN THE TARDIS

The Phoenix was a giant mythical bird of gorgeous plumage. It was fabled to be the only one of its kind, and to live five or six hundred years in the Arabian desert, after which it burnt itself to ashes on a funeral pile. From its ashes it would emerge with renewed youth, to live through another cycle of years.

Dr. Who is our modern phoenix. At the end of nine hundred years, a strange psychological storm rejuvenated his form, changing his character in many ways. Overwhelmed by this strange force, he became a younger, indeed almost a new personality.

Our new Dr. Who is more "with it"; he is more "switched on", more in tune with the Twentieth Century. There are, of course, still traces of his old personality and, characteristically, he still wears the same clothes, which are a trifle baggy on his new figure.

He doesn't confide quite so much in his companions as he was wont to do. He's more introspective too, not quite so obvious as his old pre-change self. Much more devious in his thoughts and actions, he is also more logical and matter-of-fact.

The Passengers

Polly, the only female passenger on the *Tardis*, finds it a bit frightening at times. But she has a strong streak of common sense and an increasing faith in the eccentric doctor's ability to cope with any situation, time or people. The change in Dr. Who's personality is sometimes bewildering, but he's such an exciting person: Polly can think of nobody whom she would prefer as her guide and mentor in space and time.

Ben has much less confidence than Polly in Dr. Who's supreme ability. Renewed youth has given the doctor a complete disregard for danger, Ben thinks, and if there are risks to be taken Ben would much prefer to choose them for himself. And all this talk of space and time, "here" and "there", "before" and "after": well it seems to Ben that they're on a mad merry-go-round and nobody, not even the doctor himself, knows when or where it will all stop. But who said anything about wanting to get off? It's the most thrilling ride Ben has ever had: let the merry old world spin round.

In his new image he is inclined to be whimsical and, like Pan of old, he has a small musical pipe on which he tootles a merry tune now and again. It helps him to think and get his ideas straight. The ideas are, like the man, new, and one big change in him is that now he is more inclined to shape events to suit his own purposes rather than merely to let events overtake him.

He has all the scientific know-how of his old self and he can find his way through the Space and Time Dimensions as well, if not better, than ever before. But he is more the man of action now. He will plunge into violent action like a twenty-year-old and he makes great use of his very great knowledge of human, and alien, nature. Sharp witted as ever, he cannot be easily fooled. He's smart and he knows it. He is just as irritable and touchy as ever, but he's faster on the uptake and very rarely taken by surprise.

Dr. Who before rejuvenation was vague and absent-minded, but the now youthful doctor catches on more quickly, is more direct and impulsive and doesn't rely so much on inspiration—he shapes his own destiny. In his previous image he often gave the impression that he was, in some strange way, different from the rest of us. Now he's more closely involved in human affairs, even more curious about modern developments, and always ready and eager to reform or make trouble for any individuals he thinks are on the wrong wave-length.

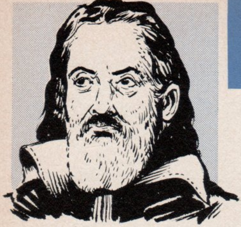
In his previous personality he enjoyed nine hundred years of stupendous adventures in his marvellous vessel the *Time and Relative Dimensions in Space* craft. The mind might well reel at what lies ahead for the regenerated doctor.

But still for Dr. Who, Eternity and Infinity remain, and always will exist. A wanderer in Space and Time he will always be; he can never settle down to our mundane existence. He must forever whirl his timeless way through the vastness of Space and the abyss of Time, exploring always new regions, physical and mental, familiar and strange, in his never-satisfied passion to know all and to experience all. But now he journeys with a renewed and youthful vigour, with a sharpened awareness of all the weird and wonderful places into which his still-erratic piloting of *Tardis* fling him and the spell-bound mortals he gathers into his orbit from time to time.

space dictionary

Asteroid	One of a group of small planets and rocks orbiting between Mars and Jupiter.
Astronomy	Study of the heavenly bodies.
Atmosphere	The mass of gases that surrounds the earth or any other planet.
Celestial Body	A star, planet, comet, nebula; any body in the heavens.
Comet	A celestial body drawn within the sun's gravitational field. It consists of condensed gases accompanied by a coma and a tail which always point away from the sun.
Constellation	A group of stars (The Big Dipper, Ursa Major, etc.)
Eclipse	The elimination of light caused by the passing of the moon between the earth and the sun (eclipse of sun), or by passing of moon through earth's shadow (eclipse of moon).
Meteorite	A mass of stone or iron that has fallen upon the earth from outer space.
Nebula	Hundreds of small stars grouped together which give the appearance of clouds.
Observatory	A building designed and equipped for the observation of the heavens.
Planet	One of the non-luminous bodies of the solar system.
Spectroscope	An optical instrument for determining, through the use of colour, the contents of another planet's mass and atmosphere.
Star	A shining, celestial body.
Satellite	A smaller body revolving around a larger body.
Solar System	The sun and the heavenly bodies that revolve around it.
Telescope	An optical instrument for enlarging the image of a distant object.

MEN WHO MADE



GALILEO, THE ASTRONOMER

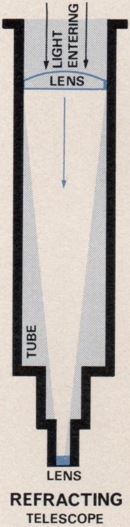
Today whenever men look through their powerful telescopes at the myriads of stars in the heavens they should remember the name of Galileo Galilei. For it was this great seventeenth-century Italian astronomer who first used a telescope of his own construction for making astronomical observations, observations which were to change completely many of the accepted theories concerning the universe.

The essential feature of a telescope is a lens or mirror called the objective which collects more of the rays emanating from any point of a distant object than would otherwise enter the eye, and bends or reflects them so that they unite in a point called the focus. In early telescopes the objective was a convex lens, while a concave lens, known as the eyepiece, was placed between the objective and its focus. This was the principle on which Galileo's telescope worked.

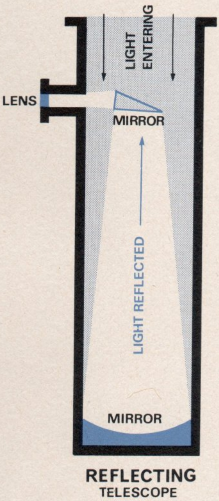
As the only lenses in use at that time were those made for spectacles, Galileo had to grind his own lenses. His first telescope was shaped like a trumpet, but later he used a straight tube.

Galileo began to observe the heavens through his new instrument in January 1610. Soon he had discovered the mountains on the moon, the satellites of Jupiter and the nature of the Milky Way. He was also the first man to see the sun-spots; this was his last great discovery in the field of astronomy.

Although his discoveries ensured Galileo's fame, they also made him many enemies, while the theological implications of his discoveries brought him into serious conflict with the Church.



First made by Galileo. A refracting telescope uses convex lenses, which bend the light and bring it to a focus.



In the reflecting telescope, light rays fall on a main mirror. The image is then reflected again to a lens which magnifies it.

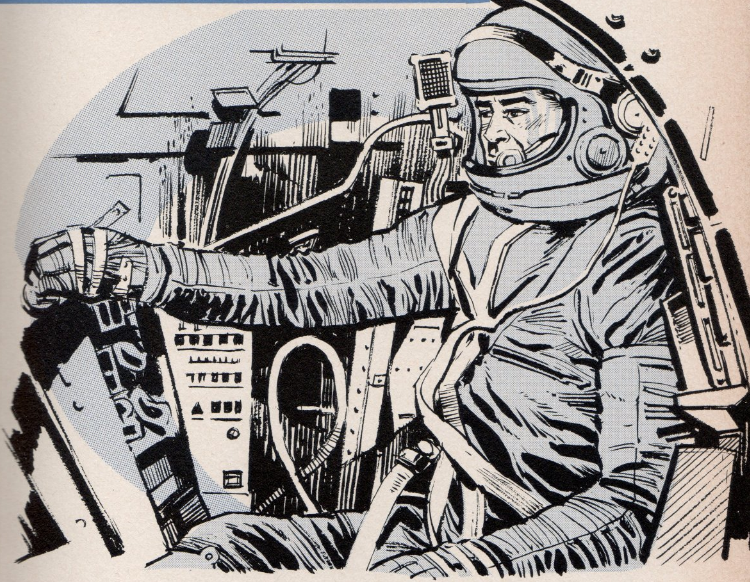
The man who had seen the glories of the stars and the heavens became blind in 1637. He returned to his native Florence, where he died on January 8, 1642.

Since the days of Galileo, telescopes have been developed and improved so that they are capable of much more detailed observations. The trumpet of Galileo bears little resemblance to the reflecting telescope of William Herschel, with nearly two hundred mirrors of all sizes, the largest reflector having a diameter of four feet and a focal length of forty feet.

Another great development is the radio telescope, like Jodrell Bank in Cheshire, which records the features of outer space by reflecting the radio waves emitted by the celestial bodies.

HISTORY

One man who looked at the stars, and the other who travelled among them



GAGARIN, THE SPACE TRAVELLER

The first man to enter outer space was Major Yuri Gagarin, a twenty-seven-year-old Red Army Major.

In the early hours of April 12, 1961, Gagarin was launched from a site in eastern Russia. In the late evening of April 11, when he was over the Argentine, he sent his first message back to earth from outer space: *Flight proceeding normally. I am well.*

One hour and forty-eight minutes after being launched, having circled the earth once, Gagarin landed safely back on Russian soil. He was none the worse for his experience.

It was a red-letter day for the world, but particularly for Russia, who could now claim the distinction of having sent the first man into space. Gagarin was hailed as a hero in Moscow, and was later despatched on a round of foreign countries as Russia's roving ambassador for space.

Four months after Gagarin's triumph, a fellow-officer called Titov circled the earth seventeen and a half times. Six months later the Americans launched their first man into space: Colonel John Glenn circled the earth three times before landing safely in the Atlantic.

Other Americans followed Glenn; other Russians followed Gagarin and Titov. In the summer of 1964, the Russians put two people into the same space capsule, a man and a woman.

But, though his feat has been repeated and bettered, history will record for all time that Yuri Gagarin, son of a Smolensk carpenter, was the first earth man to travel in space.

PEEPHOLE
TARGET ONE

Man, so far, has explored space through a telescope and, more recently, through the lens of a camera. But probably before the end of the present decade men will land on the moon. What can they expect to find there and why must they go there at all?

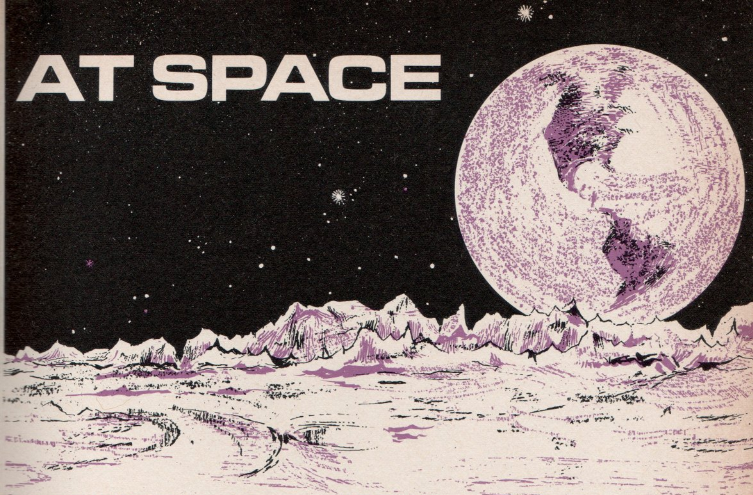
Man is determined to explore space. The moon, being our closest neighbour in the Solar System, is his first destination. But this is only a stepping-stone: Mars, Venus, Saturn, he will never rest till he has discovered all their mysteries.

Why should human beings be so anxious to visit the neighbouring planets?

There may, of course, be useful scientific information to be gained from this exploration; valuable mineral sources may even be found there, waiting to be tapped. But the cumulative amount of money being spent by Russia and America on space research over the years might, if used for research or development on earth, produce even more valuable and beneficial results for the human race.

With the population of the earth increasing rapidly every year, perhaps men are searching the heavens for new areas to colonise. But even Mars and Venus, the most favourable of the planets from the point of view of human habitation, would seem less than inviting. Unprotected travellers on the other planets would be quickly frozen, roasted, or smothered by poisonous gases.

AT SPACE



It has been said that the conquest of space would give unprecedented power to the conquering nation. But as both the East and the West are running neck-and-neck in the space race there would seem little chance of an absolute victory for either side.

The real reason for the space race must be man's inherent love of adventure. Man the explorer has mapped and charted every river, every mountain range on the earth's surface; he has circled the earth by sea and by air; he has trodden the white wilderness of the polar regions.

There are no secrets left for this earth to yield to him, so man the adventurer must conquer space.

The moon is Space Target One. Its calm, shining beauty has intrigued man for centuries and, of course, it will make an ideal space station for trips to Mars and Venus.

The journey of about 240,000 miles to the moon will take two and a half days. A spaceship, therefore, will have to be aimed at where the moon will be in the heavens 2½ days after launching day. It will travel at a speed of 25,000 miles an hour, fast enough to push it away from the earth's pull of gravity, but not too fast for it to land when it arrives at destination moon. For the return journey the spaceship will need only a speed of 5,000 miles an hour, because the gravity of the moon is much less than that of the earth.

ON A SILENT WORLD

The information provided by giant telescopes and more than a century of highly detailed moon photography, including the amazing American and Russian moon probes, has provided us with near-perfect maps of the moon. Lunar explorers will be able to plot their routes and recognise their situation much more accurately than the first explorers of Africa and South America.

But they will face hazards never before experienced by man. They are likely to find the moon an interesting, though very unfriendly, little world of almost airless, waterless wastes where temperatures may vary between that of boiling water by day and below the freezing point of water by night; each day and night there being about two earth weeks long.

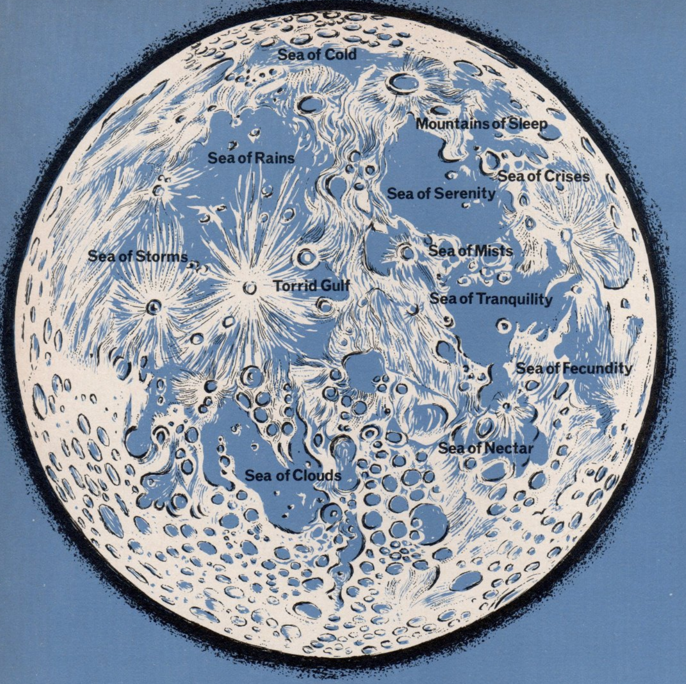
High mountains, rugged craters and plains of grey rock and dust cover the surface of this world. Early astronomers believed that the moon, like the earth, had seas and forests. They even gave them names—like the Sea of Tranquillity, the Sea of Showers and the Sea of Nectar—names which are still used today. But the telescopes of Galileo proved that the surface was rocky and waterless.

Our explorers may have a lot of trouble getting across this battered land of craters, some of which are over a hundred miles wide and nearly five miles deep. It is thought that these craters may have been caused by volcanoes or by meteors crashing into the moon from space.

In this world of silence, the sky above them will be black, even in daylight, because there is no air to scatter the sun's rays across the sky. But in this dark sky the stars will shine, day and night.

Apart from the extremes of heat and cold there will be no weather of any kind, because since there is no atmosphere there can be neither wind, clouds nor rain.

The moon has neither air nor water, so explorers will have to carry their own supply around with them. They will probably wear special suits


Sea of Cold
Mountains of Sleep
Sea of Rains
Sea of Crises
Sea of Serenity
Sea of Storms
Sea of Mists
Torrid Gulf
Sea of Tranquility
Sea of Fecundity
Sea of Nectar
Sea of Clouds

which will incorporate oxygen cylinders and other items needed for survival. Thus garbed, they may present as startling a picture as the conception of the alien space beings presented to us by science fiction writers and the cinema.

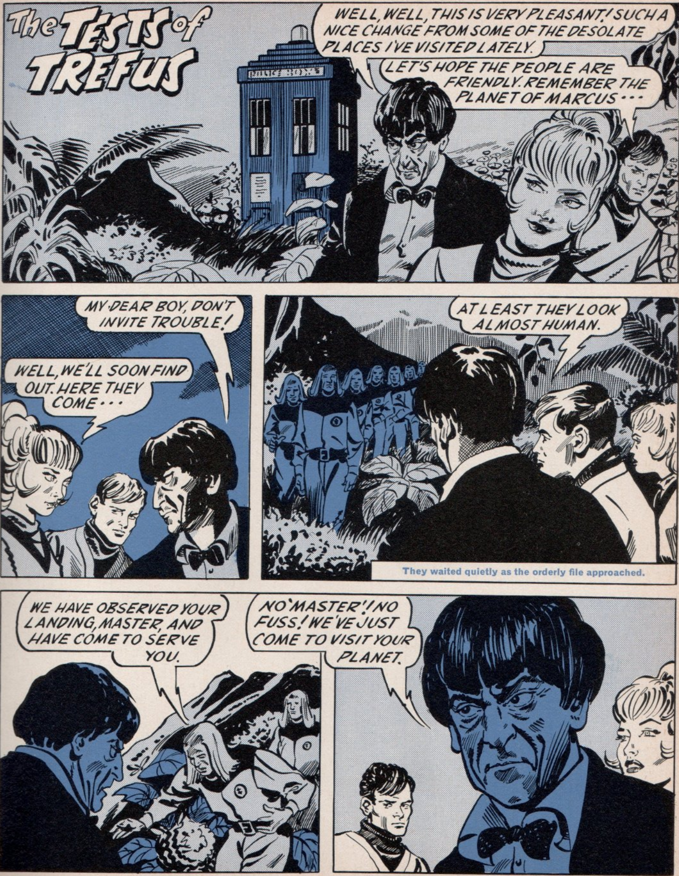
As the moon's gravity is only one-sixth as strong as that of earth, explorers may find difficulty in walking. Weighing only one-sixth their earth weight, they could probably move across the lunar surface in great leaps.

All these hazards can be anticipated and precautions taken. But the big question of space travel remains, as yet, unanswerable. Can we expect to find any form of life on the moon or the more distant planets?

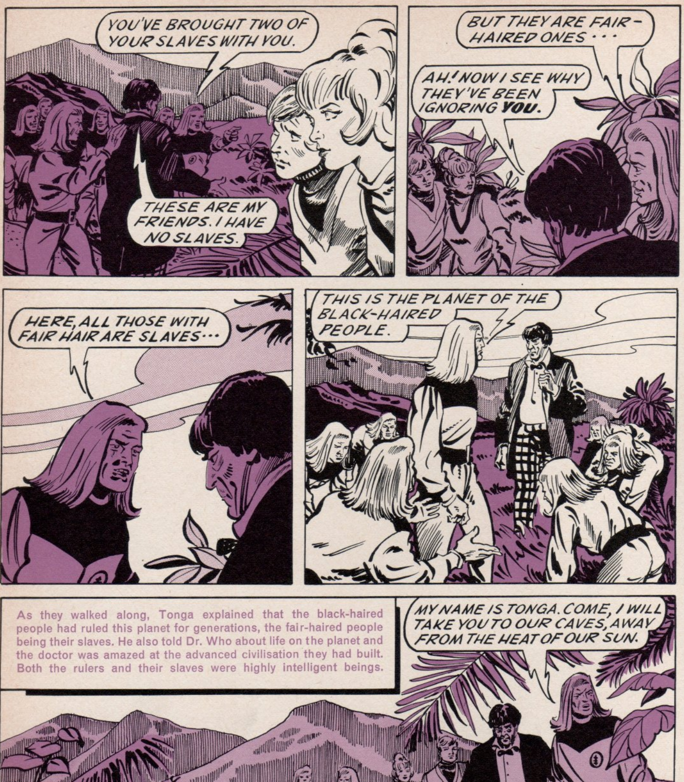
Because of the extreme temperatures and lack of oxygen on the moon, astronomers and scientists are fairly certain that no intelligent life exists there, even far below the surface. But they do not rule out the possibility of the existence of very primitive living organisms or vegetation in the almost airless, waterless wastes.

Mars, Venus and the other planets still hold their secrets. Perhaps some day, in space, man may encounter beings strange and dissimilar to himself. The moon, man's stepping stone to space, may provide some clue to the great unsolved mystery of space.

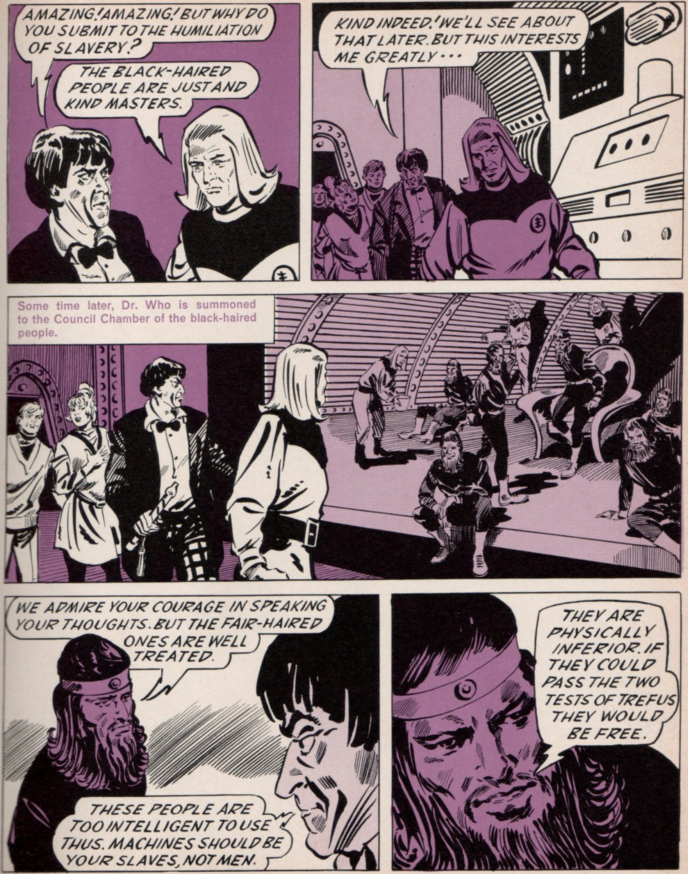
The TESTS of TREFUS


WELL, WELL, THIS IS VERY PLEASANT! SUCH A NICE CHANGE FROM SOME OF THE DESOLATE PLACES I'VE VISITED LATELY.
POLICE BOX
LET'S HOPE THE PEOPLE ARE FRIENDLY. REMEMBER THE PLANET OF MARCUS . . .
MY DEAR BOY, DON'T INVITE TROUBLE!
WELL, WE'LL SOON FIND OUT. HERE THEY COME . . .
AT LEAST THEY LOOK ALMOST HUMAN.
WE HAVE OBSERVED YOUR LANDING, MASTER, AND HAVE COME TO SERVE YOU.
NO 'MASTER'! NO FUSS! WE'VE JUST COME TO VISIT YOUR PLANET.

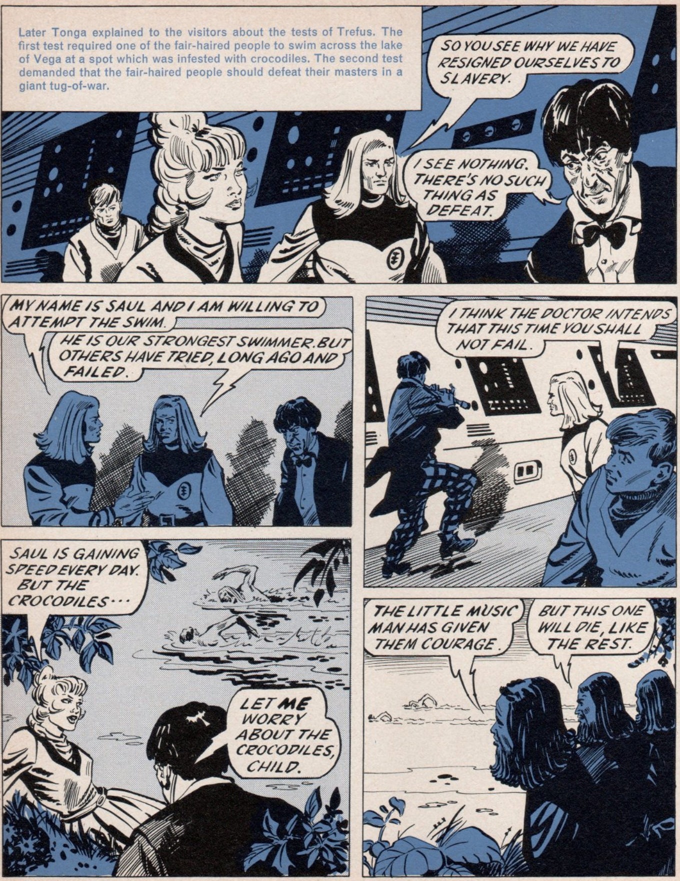
They waited quietly as the orderly file approached.

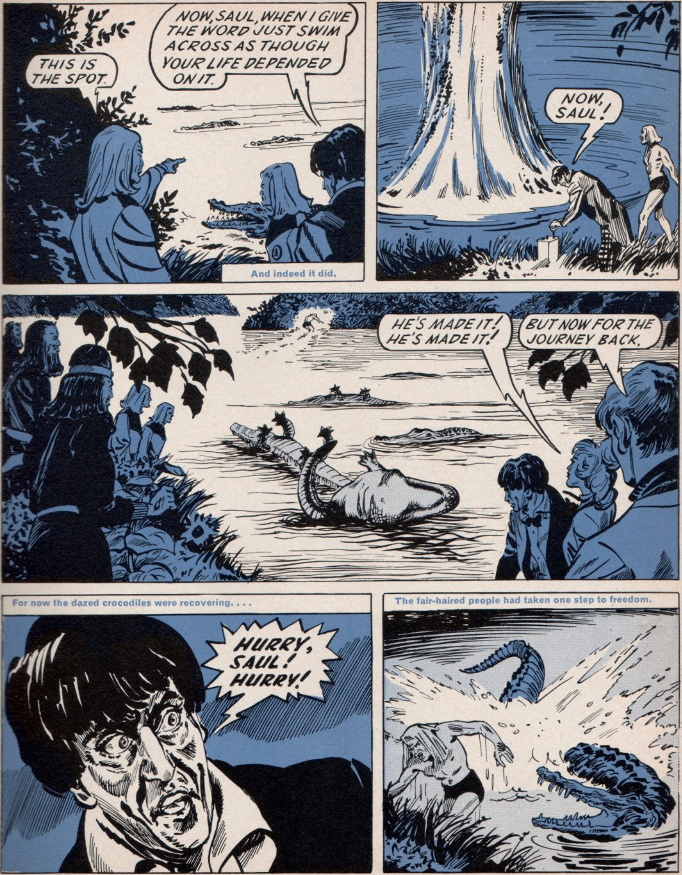

YOU'VE BROUGHT TWO OF YOUR SLAVES WITH YOU.
THESE ARE MY FRIENDS. I HAVE NO SLAVES.
BUT THEY ARE FAIR-HAIRED ONES · · ·
AH! NOW I SEE WHY THEY'VE BEEN IGNORING **YOU**.
HERE, ALL THOSE WITH FAIR HAIR ARE SLAVES · · ·
THIS IS THE PLANET OF THE BLACK-HAIRED PEOPLE.
MY NAME IS TONGA. COME, I WILL TAKE YOU TO OUR CAVES, AWAY FROM THE HEAT OF OUR SUN.

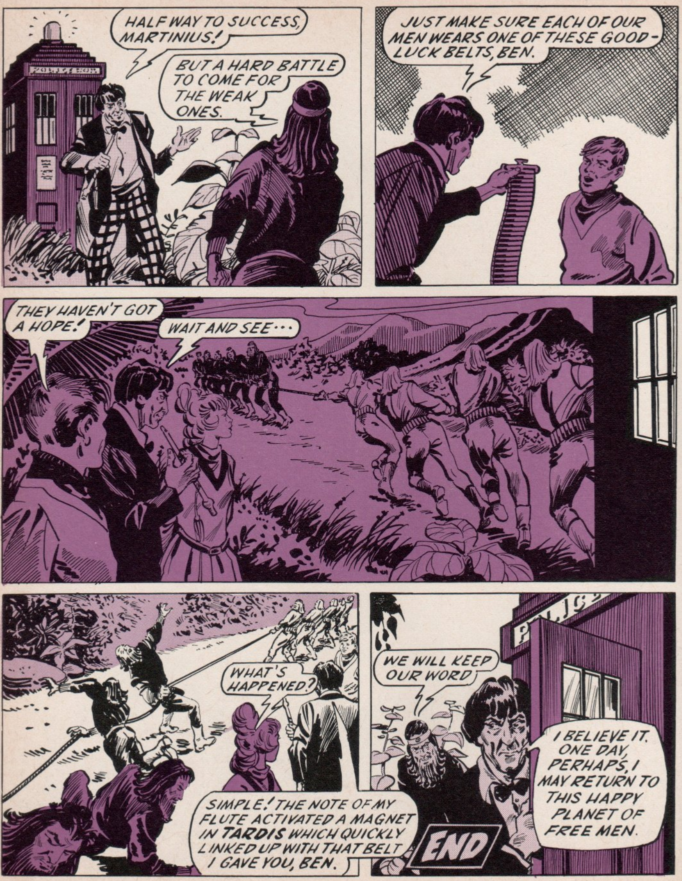
As they walked along, Tonga explained that the black-haired people had ruled this planet for generations, the fair-haired people being their slaves. He also told Dr. Who about life on the planet and the doctor was amazed at the advanced civilisation they had built. Both the rulers and their slaves were highly intelligent beings.

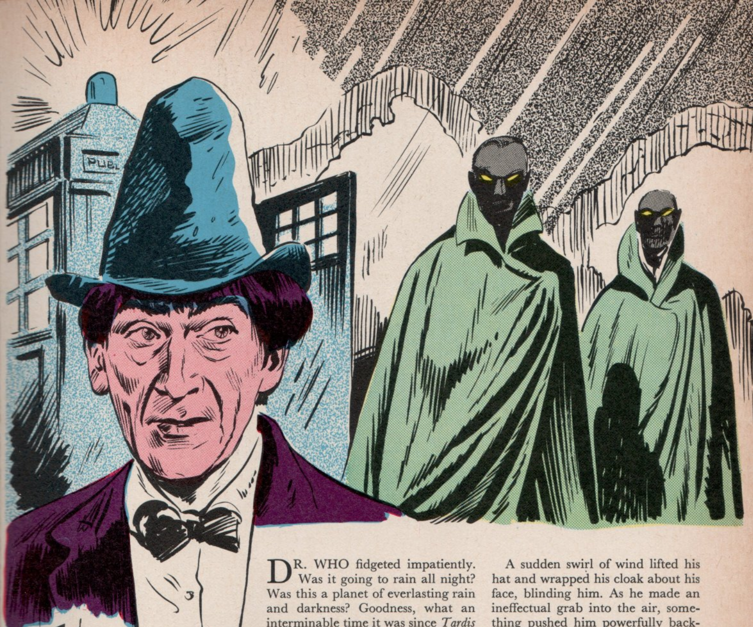

AMAZING! AMAZING! BUT WHY DO YOU SUBMIT TO THE HUMILIATION OF SLAVERY?
THE BLACK-HAIRED PEOPLE ARE JUST AND KIND MASTERS.
KIND INDEED! WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT LATER. BUT THIS INTERESTS ME GREATLY . . .
Some time later, Dr. Who is summoned to the Council Chamber of the black-haired people.
WE ADMIRE YOUR COURAGE IN SPEAKING YOUR THOUGHTS. BUT THE FAIR-HAIRED ONES ARE WELL TREATED.
THESE PEOPLE ARE TOO INTELLIGENT TO USE THUS. MACHINES SHOULD BE YOUR SLAVES, NOT MEN.
THEY ARE PHYSICALLY INFERIOR. IF THEY COULD PASS THE TWO TESTS OF TREFUS THEY WOULD BE FREE.

Later Tonga explained to the visitors about the tests of Trefus. The first test required one of the fair-haired people to swim across the lake of Vega at a spot which was infested with crocodiles. The second test demanded that the fair-haired people should defeat their masters in a giant tug-of-war.


SO YOU SEE WHY WE HAVE RESIGNED OURSELVES TO SLAVERY.
I SEE NOTHING. THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS DEFEAT.
MY NAME IS SAUL AND I AM WILLING TO ATTEMPT THE SWIM.
HE IS OUR STRONGEST SWIMMER. BUT OTHERS HAVE TRIED, LONG AGO AND FAILED.
I THINK THE DOCTOR INTENDS THAT THIS TIME YOU SHALL NOT FAIL.
SAUL IS GAINING SPEED EVERY DAY. BUT THE CROCODILES...
LET ME WORRY ABOUT THE CROCODILES, CHILD.
THE LITTLE MUSIC MAN HAS GIVEN THEM COURAGE.
BUT THIS ONE WILL DIE, LIKE THE REST.


THIS IS THE SPOT.
NOW, SAUL, WHEN I GIVE THE WORD JUST SWIM ACROSS AS THOUGH YOUR LIFE DEPENDED ON IT.
And indeed it did.
NOW, SAUL!
HE'S MADE IT! HE'S MADE IT!
BUT NOW FOR THE JOURNEY BACK.
For now the dazed crocodiles were recovering. . . .
HURRY, SAUL! HURRY!
The fair-haired people had taken one step to freedom.


HALF WAY TO SUCCESS, MARTINIUS!
BUT A HARD BATTLE TO COME FOR THE WEAK ONES.
JUST MAKE SURE EACH OF OUR MEN WEARS ONE OF THESE GOOD-LUCK BELTS, BEN.
THEY HAVEN'T GOT A HOPE!
WAIT AND SEE...
WHAT'S HAPPENED?
SIMPLE! THE NOTE OF MY FLUTE ACTIVATED A MAGNET IN TARDIS WHICH QUICKLY LINKED UP WITH THAT BELT I GAVE YOU, BEN.
WE WILL KEEP OUR WORD
I BELIEVE IT. ONE DAY, PERHAPS, I MAY RETURN TO THIS HAPPY PLANET OF FREE MEN.
END



The WORD of ASTRIES

DR. WHO fidgeted impatiently. Was it going to rain all night? Was this a planet of everlasting rain and darkness? Goodness, what an interminable time it was since *Tardis* had landed! And whether he was to get soaked or not, he could endure watching a streaming scanner screen no longer.

He rammed on his tall, battered hat; pulled his cloak about him; and turned a little black switch. Lights glowed; there was a buzzing sound, and the two great doors of the space ship swung open. He decided to leave them so.

He would take just a few steps. The tests necessary before he could make a longer exploration could wait until it was daylight and the weather had improved.

Cautiously he drew a deep breath. Seemed all right. His feet squelched in greyish-white mud. Rain dripped off the brim of his hat.

A sudden swirl of wind lifted his hat and wrapped his cloak about his face, blinding him. As he made an ineffectual grab into the air, something pushed him powerfully backwards, and he stumbled into his own space ship.

He found two figures had followed him: very tall—with high, slanting eyes of dull amber—both of them covered from head to floor in sweeping, luminous green cloaks which, the doctor noted with interest, showed not a bead of trickling rain nor splash of mud.

Yet his own shoes were caked with mud; his clothes soaked; and his hat, which one of the figures silently handed to him, a pitiful, ghostly object now.

"You are late," said the figure, in a thin, flat tone. "And you did not land where we expected. Had it not been for your light, we should not have found you."

Dr. Who thought of the blue light flashing on top of his police telephone box.

"I am expected?" he ventured.

"Of course!" The figure looked in an aloof, yet penetrating way around the space ship, and then sharply at the doctor. "You have not visited us before?"

"I—I don't think so." The doctor spoke cautiously.

How could he know until he had seen the planet by daylight? Certainly he had never seen these figures before. Or had he? No sooner was he sure that he hadn't than uncertainty flickered inside him.

"Surely you keep records?"

"Well, of course. I. . . ."

"We must hurry," the figure interrupted. "Qar will be angry at being kept waiting. The plan cannot go forward until she has spoken with you."

He drew from beneath his own cloak another exactly similar and held it out to the doctor who, seeing how pleasantly dry it had kept them, donned it eagerly.

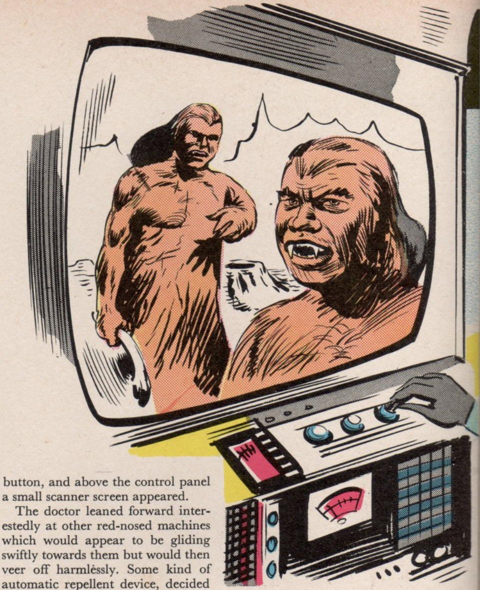
"Zu will guard your ship," said the figure. "I shall be your pilot. The Tryods abound in this region and are destructive. You were foolish to land in this place."

Zu stood unconcernedly outside *Tardis*, to the doctor's relief. It would have been difficult had he demanded to remain inside. Obviously he must carry some weapon within his cloak, and the doctor wished he might see it and know its nature; but the other figure was impatient.

So the doctor locked the door of his ship, and followed in the wake of the luminous cloak.

A red light, haloed in mist, glowed dully ahead. This, the doctor discovered, was the nub end of a pale, cigar-shaped machine. A side panel slid open to admit them, and then silently closed.

The doctor, sitting directly behind the pilot, watched him set certain dials on a small control panel. With the very faintest of whining noises, the machine lifted smoothly and glided forward into the blackness, at what height from the ground the doctor had no idea. There were no windows, but the pilot pressed a button, and above the control panel a small scanner screen appeared.



The doctor leaned forward interestedly at other red-nosed machines which would appear to be gliding swiftly towards them but would then veer off harmlessly. Some kind of automatic repellent device, decided the doctor.

"Where are we exactly?" he asked.

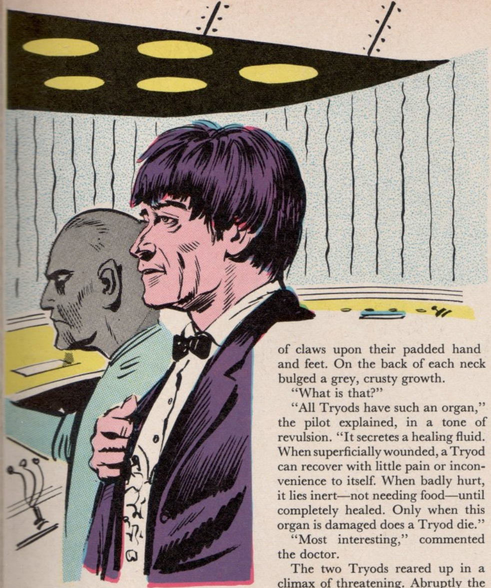
"Still over the plateau. Qar wished me to bring you this way, and then through the hills. No space traveller has yet seen live Tryods."

Dr. Who drew his dark brows together puzzledly. How had this Qar known he was coming to the planet when he had not known it himself? And why should she wish him to see Tryods? What in fact were Tryods?

The pilot pressed another button, and to the side of the first scanner screen appeared another. This showed nothing at first but the inevitable darkness and rain, and then, as the pilot made a slight adjustment, Dr. Who saw the whitish dome of a hill rise above the black mass of swaying forest. Like the tonsured head of an Earth priest, thought the doctor.

"The Serpent River whereon the palace stands is a great distance away now," said the pilot, as if the doctor should know all about that even if he had not seen it, and again something stirred uneasily within the doctor's mind.

The cloaked pilot lifted a tiny lever, and now the doctor could hear the hard drumming of rain, the crash of boughs, and then, between these sounds, an intermittent growling. The pilot was obviously guiding the machine towards this sound, for it grew louder, one threatening roar topping another, till the machine



seemed drowned in the thunder of them.

"Tryods," said the pilot briefly.

The lights on the control panel went out. The doctor was sure the machine was now stationary in the air at some distance from the great creatures that had appeared on the scanner screen.

One of the creatures was but slightly shorter than the other, and even it stood a good nine Earth feet high, and both were of immense girth. Upon their leathery bodies the doctor caught the sheen of fine golden hair, thicker down the centre of their foreheads and upon their backs and short lower limbs. He saw their long teeth and the wicked curve of claws upon their padded hand and feet. On the back of each neck bulged a grey, crusty growth.

"What is that?"

"All Tryods have such an organ," the pilot explained, in a tone of revulsion. "It secretes a healing fluid. When superficially wounded, a Tryod can recover with little pain or inconvenience to itself. When badly hurt, it lies inert—not needing food—until completely healed. Only when this organ is damaged does a Tryod die."

"Most interesting," commented the doctor.

The two Tryods reared up in a climax of threatening. Abruptly the slightly smaller one swung its leathery stub of a tail across the face of the other. It was the signal for battle. In a fury of growls they fell on one another, tearing, biting, flailing their huge limbs. The noise vibrated painfully inside the doctor's head. He saw a long gash appear in the side of the smaller one, and an oily substance begin to exude from it. Another blow split its cheek. Furiously they tried to get at each other's necks, rolling over and over till they were coated in mud.

In a moment, thought the doctor, as a brutal blow from the bigger Tryod sent the other sprawling, it will all be over. Or will it? Dr. Who leaned forward in sudden excitement. For the beaten Tryod, with squeals of submission, had doubled up, baring the organ on the back of its neck to the victor's teeth.

Now, wondered the doctor, will the Tryod kill, or, like other creatures I have seen, will it be unable psychologically to do so?

The victorious Tryod reared above the other, grinding its teeth and growling ceaselessly. But it did not bite into the other's neck, and when some noise or movement outside the range of the scanner screen distracted its attention, the beaten Tryod, with astonishing agility, was able to get to its feet and lope away.

The doctor clapped.

"Tryods," sneered the pilot. "The one a coward and the other a fool."

Quickly he set a little dial in motion, and brought the Tryod up till it nearly filled the screen. Then he made to raise another lever, and Dr. Who, fearing, rather than knowing, his intention, knocked the pilot's hand away, and saw the picture recede and a flicker of green fire strike the ground beyond the Tryod.

The pilot's face stiffened with fury. "Why did you interfere? Do you not know Qar gives two hundred pieces for every Tryod hide?"

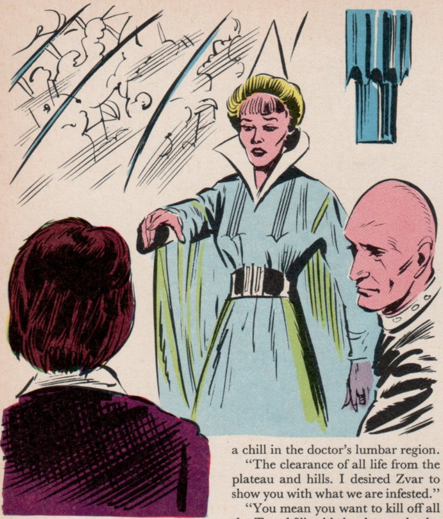
"I wouldn't like to see a creature killed who had itself just shown mercy," said the doctor unrepentently.

"Mercy!" The pilot stared scornfully. "Those creatures act from instinct; they do not reason. Only *we* reason."

"Then I prefer their instincts to your reasoning," said Dr. Who.

The pilot snapped off the scanner screens, and started the machine again. The doctor was sure he would have put a deadly green flame through him with the greatest of pleasure at that moment, but obviously he had been told to endure the space traveller with a veneer of respect. The journey was finished in silence.

When they stepped from the machine, it was still raining heavily. The doctor followed the pilot to where two motionless figures, similarly cloaked but in black, were waiting either side of a solid gate, which rose noiselessly. A flight of steps was revealed.



Dr. Who made to start climbing, but the pilot restrained him with a touch of his hand. Slowly the steps glided up between walls of rock, slit spasmodically by blue lights. A tunnel, similarly lit, brought them to another solid gate, and into the castle itself, an austere rounded building with gleaming floors which the doctor expected to be slippery and which were not.

In a domed room, seemingly walled with stained glass, he met Qar. A woman, tall and frigid-featured as the pilot, who still accompanied the doctor, swept forward, trailing a gown of amethyst latticed all over with finest silver thread. From her head rose a cone of silver.

"You have brought the Raymah's permission," she said, holding out a silver-fingered hand. "The massacre may begin?"

"Massacre?" The word produced a chill in the doctor's lumbar region.

"The clearance of all life from the plateau and hills. I desired Zvar to show you with what we are infested."

"You mean you want to kill off all the Tryods?" said the doctor slowly.

"Them, of course, and the other primitive abominations that abound there."

Such slaughter did not appeal to the doctor at all.

"*I* certainly bring you no such permission," he said.

Qar hissed with impatience. "I was assured by the usual messenger, Asiries, that the Raymah would consent not to interfere. The leader of the galaxy *must* be made to understand. . . . I need that land. It is rich in the mineral my scientists need for their. . . ."

"Weapons?"

"Experiments."

So, I am supposed to be a space messenger from the galaxy leader, thought Dr. Who.

He was just deciding he had best play the part well, when Qar said in a hostile, curious tone: "How is it you look so different to Asiries? Why is your hair so dark and straggly; your teeth so uneven; why do you grimace so queerly? Why do you carry that ridiculous old hat?"

"I do not come from the same planet as Asiries," said the doctor, grimacing yet again as he swallowed such a plateful of criticism.

"Anyway," he added hurriedly, "there is to be no massacre. The Raymah absolutely forbids it."

"He would send his forces?" faltered Qar.

"Indeed he would."

Dr. Who finished the hot sweet liquid he had been given in a heavy crimson goblet, and was about to nod for more when a part of the glass wall slid open and a black-cloaked figure rushed in.

"Qar! There has just been a message. This creature is an impostor. Asiries has just landed."

Qar swung round upon the doctor with frightened, angry eyes. "Who are you?"

"A traveller in both time *and* space," said the doctor modestly.

"You are a spy! You came here to thwart me. You shall be fed to the Tryods!"

The black-cloaked figure interrupted swiftly:

"Asiries says the imposter must return with him to the Raymah for punishment."

"I am tired of being given orders," said Qar bitterly. "First by this strange creature; then by Asiries. *I* am leader here." She spun round again upon the doctor. "You say you travel in time. How?"

Dr. Who explained as lucidly as he could, well aware by her changing expressions of contempt and astonishment how ridiculously inefficient his journeys sounded in her meticulous mind.

"So if you left my planet you could not deliberately plan to return here?" she asked slowly.

"I'm afraid not."

The amber eyes glowed for an instant. "Zvar!" She beckoned the green-cloaked pilot to the dais with her.

Dr. Who noted that the floor of the dais was covered in gold gleaming Tryod hides, and he felt a moment's anger and pity. Then his eyes swivelled round the stained walls. Even were he able to break through them and get beyond the solid gates and the black-cloaked figures guarding them, still he would have no idea in which direction *Tardis* lay. Not one face here had shown any liking for him. He dared expect no help.

"I am willing, time traveller, for you to be taken back to your ship," said Qar suddenly, "providing you agree to leave my planet immediately. Believe me, the Raymah would not be so merciful! I, Qar, give you your freedom. Go now with Zvar."

The doctor felt unhappy and dubious as he was propelled along the tunnel. Qar and mercy were ill-fitting companions. Only one thing could make sense. Dr. Who was against the proposed massacre, and Qar must fear he might influence the space messenger, so he was to be hustled away before Asiries arrived at the palace.

"I don't wish to leave," he announced suddenly. "I would like to speak with this Asiries."

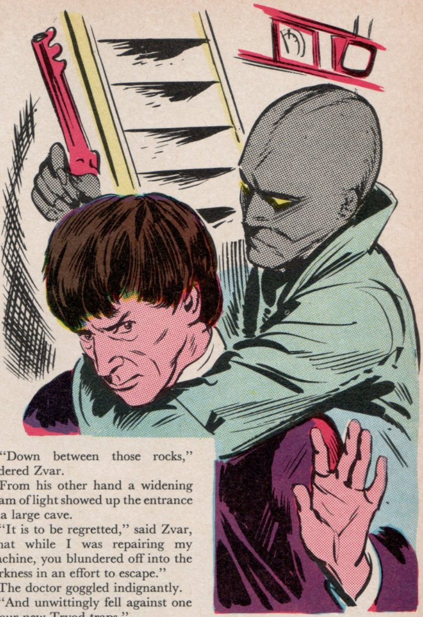
His green-cloaked companion did not laugh, but he made a queer rattling noise high in his throat that was just as unnerving.

"Do you hear me?" demanded Dr. Who.

His companion thrust him on to the moving steps that were to take him down as irrevocably as they had brought him up, and when the doctor twisted out of the figure's grasp and began to leap back up the steps, a black-cloaked guard swooped upon him. The doctor felt a jab in his neck, and he knew nothing more till he heard a familiar faint whining, and, blinking his eyes, found he was again inside one of the cigar-shaped machines.

"We are landing," said the green-cloaked Zvar, and immediately dispelled the doctor's hazy thought that they must be near *Tardis* by declaring: "There is a fault."

The door slid open, and Zvar, pointing a rod at the doctor, down the centre of which ran a line of green light, bade him get out and walk forward. He followed, forcing the doctor forward with the rod, each jab of which burnt painfully into the doctor's back.



"Down between those rocks," ordered Zvar.

From his other hand a widening beam of light showed up the entrance to a large cave.

"It is to be regretted," said Zvar, "that while I was repairing my machine, you blundered off into the darkness in an effort to escape."

The doctor goggled indignantly.

"And unwittingly fell against one of our new Tryod traps."

"I did no such thing," Dr. Who protested, and instantly he was pushed back against the wall of the cave which was matted with a bluish growth.

"You will find it less painful to stand still," said Zvar. "This wall lichen is one the Tryods are especially fond of, so to catch them we smear it with a special adhesive. If *they* cannot tear themselves away, certainly you will not."

"You must have some way of freeing them after you've killed them," said the doctor.

"We have a special solvent of course, but, alas, I carry none with me. If you are lucky a Tryod will devour you before morning. It is unfortunate that your escape makes it impossible for Asiries to take you back with him to the Raymah."

"And my *Tardis*?" demanded the doctor.

"We shall examine it with much interest."

"An odd fate," muttered the doctor, left to the darkness and the sound of lashing rain. "In trying to save the Tryods, I am to be eaten by one of them. Ouch!" He shrieked out as, in trying to jerk his head free, he succeeded only in painfully unrooting some of his hair.

He listened for the growl of an approaching Tryod, and was amazed to hear instead the sound of voices. The language was that he had become used to upon this planet, but one voice spoke it strangely.

"Come, Zvar, he cannot have got far! We landed immediately we saw your machine on our screen."

"I'm here!" yelled the doctor, and kept yelling till in the cave entrance appeared a figure with a disc of steady glowing light upon its wrist. It was cloaked in green, but where the cloak had parted was revealed a close-fitting suit of grey. The eyes were set more normally; the nose was hooked.

"The impostor is here!" called the figure, coming swiftly to the doctor and peering curiously up at him.

"The fellow knows that well enough," muttered Dr. Who. "Tell him to fetch some of that solvent and get me free of this stuff."

Dr. Who glared balefully at the pinch-faced Zvar.

"To the palace quickly," ordered the grey figure. "Both of you," he added, as the green-cloaked figure behind Zvar hesitated. "Leave me one of your weapons, and take the ship that is not faulty."

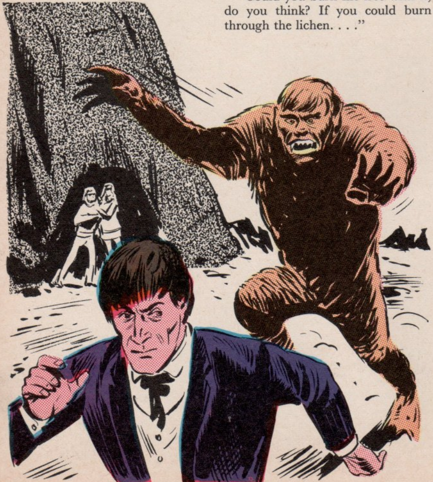
"Faulty!" muttered the doctor, but Zvar dared not confess to the space messenger that there was no fault.

"I suppose Qar wished to dispose of you before we could meet," said Asiries, poking the end of the rod, which Zvar had given him, into the wall-lichen and watching it smoulder. "Do you put yourself above the Raymah? Why should the Tryods not be extirpated?"

"Because," said the doctor, finding it hard to talk without gesticulating and causing himself considerable pain whenever he unwittingly did so, "we have no idea into what they may evolutionise! They might be only at the beginning of their development. I. . . ." He broke off pleadingly. "That thing in your hand?"

"Yes?"

"Could you burn me free with it, do you think? If you could burn through the lichen. . . ."



Asiries saw his point. "I can do so, but you will still be my prisoner. The Raymah will not tolerate interference with his orders."

"And his orders are?"

"That Qar may begin the massacre."

"Humph!" But the doctor decided to forbear further comment till he was free.

Asiries worked skilfully, so that only twice did the doctor have cause to wince. He stepped away from the wall, with some of the lichen still stuck to his hair, his body, his hands. There was a pungent smell of singeing.

A sudden growling made them both turn swiftly. Asiries had the rod in his hand. His sudden movement caused him to stumble on the uneven ground, and instinctively he stuck out his hand towards the wall to save himself from falling. Too late he remembered the danger. The end of the rod was firmly glued to the lichen, and it would not burn free for the button at the other end would not now release any energy.

The great shape of a Tryod loomed in the cave mouth.

Dr. Who was never sure afterwards whether he acted from instinct or reasoning. Certainly he did the only thing that seemed possible if they were to survive. He grabbed a handful of grey mud and slapped it on to the back of his neck. Then, keeping his neck rigid till the mud should have set, he reared up, as he had seen the other Tryods do, and began to roar threateningly. His voice cracked with the repeated effort, but it drew the Tryod towards him, and away from the cave entrance.

"Run for it when you can," he hissed to the astonished Asiries.

Fortunately for the doctor, his smell was strange to the Tryod. Had he smelt like a green-cloak his sham would never have worked.

Having roared enough, Dr. Who whisked round so that a torn piece of his cloak flicked across the Tryod's face. The great jaws opened. With a roar that made the cave tremble, the Tryod bore upon his puny opponent.

Dr. Who knew that only his superior agility could save him. The claws of the Tryod tore air; its teeth bit air; its huge limbs encountered only air; and its rage mounted. Abruptly, squealing, the doctor rolled into a kneeling position, showing the clump of mud on his neck. Desperately he hoped the familar gesture would stay the Tryod's teeth.

Asiries, certain all would be over with the time traveller in a moment, hurled a rock into the cave. The movement distracted the Tryod, but at the doctor's first movement, it reared up again, and the doctor instantly froze into submission again. Asiries realised he must draw the Tryod outside, and he flung rock after rock so that they rebounded against the other rocks. This was too much for the Tryod, who, growling, loped out into the darkness to investigate.

Asiries caught Dr. Who's arm, and raced him towards the red nose of the waiting machine.

"You know how to work one of these?" inquired the doctor hopefully.

"Of course. I travel in them many times."

Asiries switched on the scanner screens as the machine rose, and said simply: "You saved my life besides your own. I owe you something."

The doctor hesitated.

"Well?"

"I would ask you to persuade the Raymah to save the Tryods."

Asiries's pale eyes glowed. "Would you not rather wish to hasten back to your *Tardis*, and leave this planet before Qar can again try to kill you?"

"I'd like that, too, of course," said the doctor, "but, balanced against a whole species being ruthlessly wiped out, it would be a selfish wish. It would bring me little happiness."

"Look behind you," ordered Asiries.

Dr. Who did so, and saw another scanner screen he had noticed before the red nose of a machine seemingly right behind them. "We are being followed?"

"Qar is determined you shall not succeed in obstructing her plans. Let us see if we can obstruct hers."

The doctor watched the red nose fall behind slowly, grudgingly. . . . Finally the screen was clear.

"We land now."

In the front scanner screen Dr. Who saw his dear, familiar *Tardis*, and beside it—his spirits dived despairingly—the green-cloaked figure of the guard, Zu, whom he had forgotten.

"Go quickly," said Asiries. "I will speak with him." He thrust a lump of rock into the doctor's hand. "A memento. A rock I forgot to throw."

The doctor hesitated at the doors of *Tardis*, as Asiries drew the unsuspecting Zu away with new, false orders from Qar.

"Do not fear for your Tryods," called Asiries. "The Raymah shall save them. I promise it."

Dr. Who saw a red nose descending out of the blackness, and quickly he went inside his space ship.

In the business of once more getting *Tardis* away, he did not have time to look at the rock immediately. When he did inspect it, however, he knew instantly the reason for his vague, recurring feelings of familiarity with the green-cloaked people.

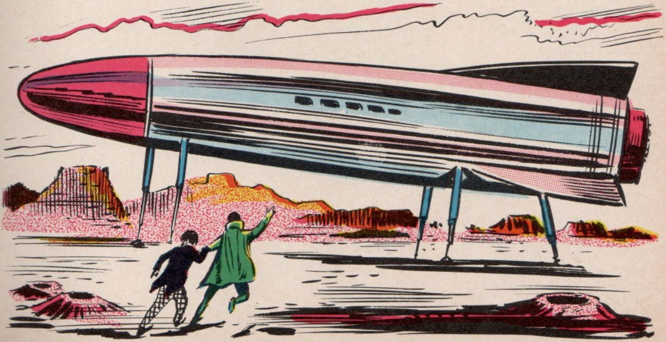
"Paxltt," he whispered, and paxltt had existed on only one of the many, many planets he had visited.

He remembered clearly now.

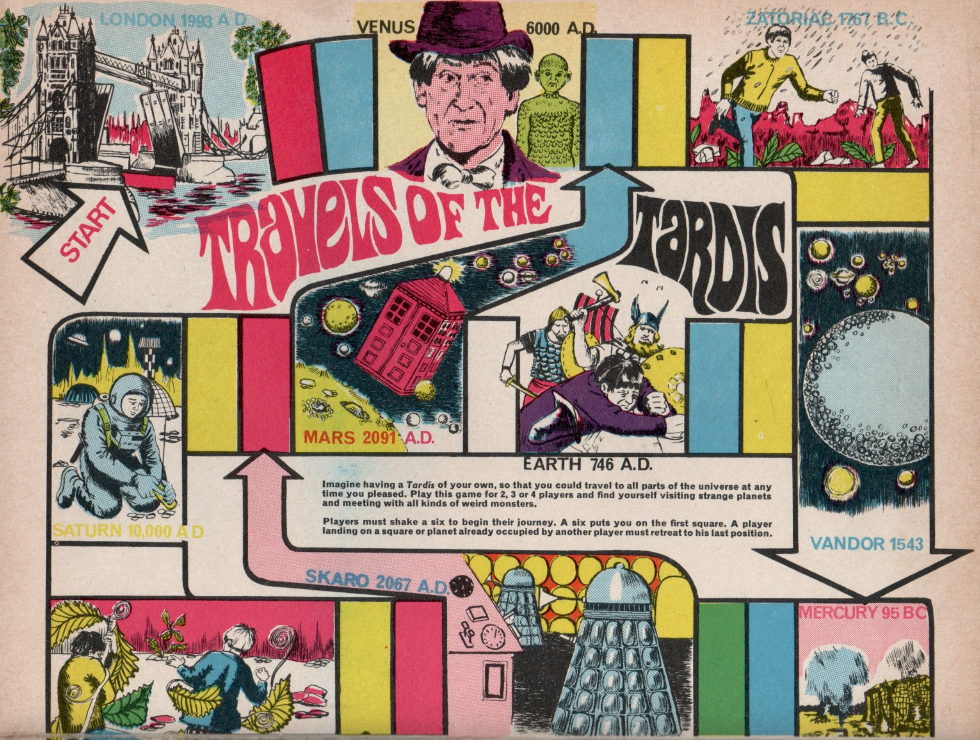
There had been the great winding bed of a dried-up river, and desert stretching away to a great plateau, and beyond the plateau had been hills.

And one of the huge, golden-haired, almost anthropoid creatures who had lived upon the planet had told him of a city lost beneath the sand, of a vanished civilisation. . . . And he had shown him some figures etched deep into a rock: tall, thin figures with frigid faces and strange, high, slanting eyes.

So Asiries had kept his word!

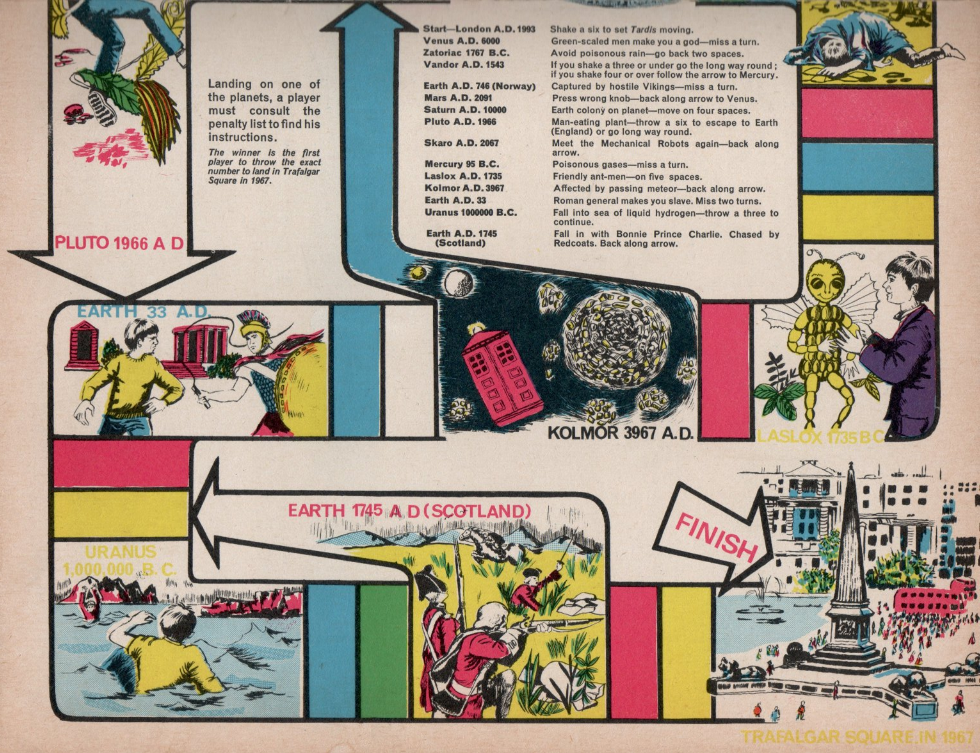


TRAVELS OF THE TARDIS


LONDON 1993 A D
START
VENUS
6000 A.D.
ZATORIAC 1767 B.C.
MARS 2091 A.D.
EARTH 746 A.D.
SATURN 10,000 A D
VANDOR 1543
SKARO 2067 A.D.
MERCURY 95 BC

Imagine having a *Tardis* of your own, so that you could travel to all parts of the universe at any time you pleased. Play this game for 2, 3 or 4 players and find yourself visiting strange planets and meeting with all kinds of weird monsters.

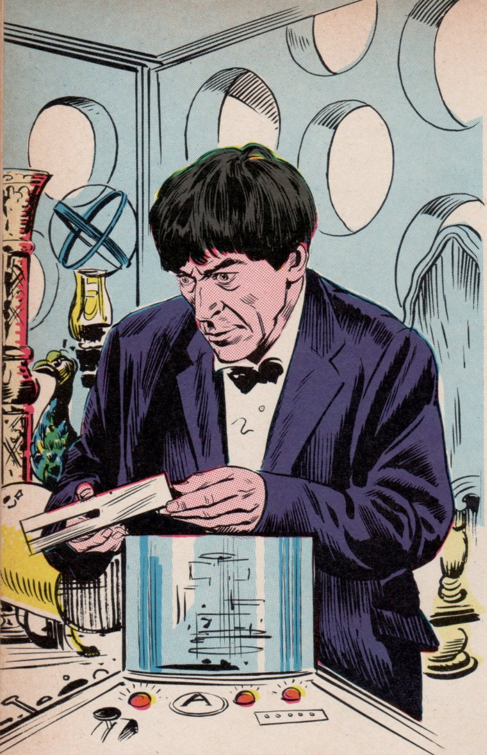
Players must shake a six to begin their journey. A six puts you on the first square. A player landing on a square or planet already occupied by another player must retreat to his last position.



Landing on one of the planets, a player must consult the penalty list to find his instructions.

The winner is the first player to throw the exact number to land in Trafalgar Square in 1967.

Start—London A.D. 1993	Shake a six to set *Tardis* moving.
Venus A.D. 6000	Green-scaled men make you a god—miss a turn.
Zatoriac 1767 B.C.	Avoid poisonous rain—go back two spaces.
Vandor A.D. 1543	If you shake a three or under go the long way round; if you shake four or over follow the arrow to Mercury.
Earth A.D. 746 (Norway)	Captured by hostile Vikings—miss a turn.
Mars A.D. 2091	Press wrong knob—back along arrow to Venus.
Saturn A.D. 10000	Earth colony on planet—move on four spaces.
Pluto A.D. 1966	Man-eating plant—throw a six to escape to Earth (England) or go long way round.
Skaro A.D. 2067	Meet the Mechanical Robots again—back along arrow.
Mercury 95 B.C.	Poisonous gases—miss a turn.
Laslox A.D. 1735	Friendly ant-men—on five spaces.
Kolmor A.D. 3967	Affected by passing meteor—back along arrow.
Earth A.D. 33	Roman general makes you slave. Miss two turns.
Uranus 1000000 B.C.	Fall into sea of liquid hydrogen—throw a three to continue.
Earth A.D. 1745 (Scotland)	Fall in with Bonnie Prince Charlie. Chased by Redcoats. Back along arrow.



ONLY A MATTER OF TIME

LONG before the adventure had even really started, Dr. Who had confided in Ben, with a leering chuckle, that he didn't intend to get all steamed up over something which might never happen.

Now Ben had never really settled down to the idea that the strange vessel in which they were travelling, although shaped just like a blue telephone box for police use, was in reality the most complex and marvellous conveyance ever constructed by mankind—the *Time And Relative Dimensions In Space* vehicle.

The problems and paradoxes of Time only made young Ben's head ache and it wasn't really much better with Polly. But Polly, being a girl, did seem to have a much better grasp of things than Ben. There were times when Dr. Who wondered if Ben had the vaguest idea of what they were all doing, where they were all going, and where they had all come from.

Now Ben stared with exasperation at the whimsical figure of Dr. Who in his baggy clothes and tall furry hat. The doctor was merrily playing an air on his pipe, and Ben threw an arm up to the vision screens and burst out into his protest.

"Look outside there, Doctor," he pleaded. "There are hundreds of space ships out there, all heading for Earth, and we are in the very middle of them. We've got to do something, Doctor."

Dr. Who cocked an eye to the nearest vision screen and whistled a bar or two. Then he grinned at Ben. "Just what would you suggest we do, Ben?" he wanted to know. "I take it you are assuming that these spaceships are all heavily armed with the most advanced weapons ever devised by men for the conquest of Earth which is, by my last calculations, a mere two hundred million miles away."

"What do we do?" Ben repeated, and he turned to Polly who had come into the control room at that moment. "You tell him, Poll. You tell him that this great fleet of space ships is headed for Earth. It's certain, from their number, that they're not bent on any good. We ought to be doing something about it, you know."

"Oh, I think I'd leave it to the

doctor, Ben," Polly smiled, and Dr. Who looked approvingly at her. A good head on those pretty shoulders. He laid down his pipe and returned to Ben.

"We are in the middle of this vast invading fleet of ships, Ben," he said. "But do you realise that not one of them has the slightest idea that we are here. As soon as we materialised I switched off every single electric or electronic device in the *Tardis*. We are like a speck of dust in the middle of this fleet of titans, Ben. They don't know why we are here or who we are. But we know who they are, where they are headed for and where they came from."

"You do?" asked Polly and Ben in one voice. "But . . . but. . . ."

"No buts, dear children," chided the rejuvenated Dr. Who, waving his music pipe at them. "Since my—er—I suppose you would have to call it my 'reincarnation', I have developed quite a few little devices that, when I was in my older form, I would not have thought worthwhile. But among the devices which I have found useful from the very beginning is the detector which enables me, without leaving *Tardis*, to see what some locality outside is really like, what the natives are like, and so on. I had a detector switched on for a few seconds just after we materialised, and it told me certain very interesting facts."

"Such as——?" asked Ben forcefully.

"Well, now," the doctor grinned again impishly, "I learned that these creatures are men from Arcturus, at least from one of the planets that circle that great star. They have two extra arms to us but that is their only difference. They are a fierce and warlike race of men—almost as fierce and warlike, in fact, as the men of Earth—and they are, as you have gathered, Ben, coming to take over our Earth. They are moving in great strength and they expect to mop us up in quick time, *when* they arrive in our System."

"So," cried Ben, "you know all that, so now is the time for us to save Earth from invasion. There must be fantastic weapons in *Tardis* that will enable us to hurl them back to where they came from."

"What gave you the idea that there are any weapons at all in *Tardis*?" demanded the doctor belligerently. "Glory be, Ben boy, haven't you been aboard long enough now to know that we don't rely on mere weapons in the *Tardis*? We rely on brains, m'boy, brains and savvy. Now, I know something that these Arcturian savages don't know about. It's my best weapon and it's only a thought, not a machine."

"What is that?" asked Ben eagerly, and the doctor looked at him with an arch grin. He tootled a bar or two on his pipe but made no reply.

Ben and Polly stared with exasperation from him to the vision-screens and the same idea occurred to both of them.

"Doctor!" cried Polly. "Didn't you say that as soon as the *Tardis* materialised you switched off all the electronic apparatus? What about the vision-screens? The invaders must know we are here; they'll be picking up the electronic currents surely?"

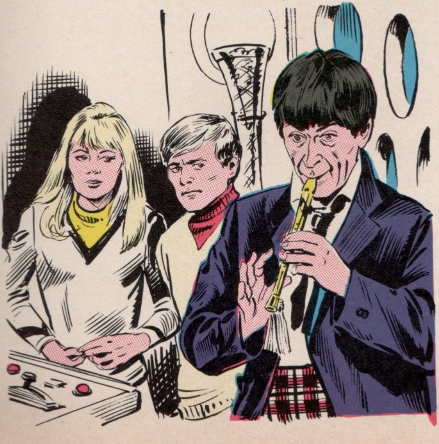
"Of course they will, my child," said Dr. Who cheerfully. "That's why I switched the screens on again not long ago. I want these creatures to know we are here. They'll get very curious about our vessel and they will invite—no, kidnap is perhaps the better word—us into their parlour, as the spider does to the fly, eh?"

He laughed and jumped with glee as the faces of Ben and Polly went almost green.

"You've gone crackers," said Ben excitedly. "We don't know what these things are like; they might be monsters. They might kill us as soon as look at us. Why don't we start up the *Tardis* and clear out to some other place, or some other time—oh, you know what I mean."

"No, my boy, we can't do that," said Dr. Who, and his impish face had gone grave. "You, Ben, and you, Polly, are too young to have any really proper idea of how Time and Space and Destiny are tangled together in the cosmos. You, Ben, are continually being amazed and abashed by the seemingly purposeless and blind dashes hither and thither of my *Tardis*. Polly, being a sensible girl, just takes it all for granted."

"What's this got to do with these—



these Arcturians out there?" asked Ben angrily and the doctor smiled. He always liked getting young Ben riled.

"Since my reincarnation," he went on smoothly, "I myself have got a much clearer view of how those three great abstractions work together. I know now that my *Tardis* never moves, through Time and Space and the Dimensions, in the haphazard and chancy way I thought she did. Now I know that every movement, every curve and every sweep is inexorably controlled by some previous set of circumstances. Destiny governs all, my children. Destiny has flung us in amongst this invading Arcturian fleet and, if we just obey Destiny blindly, all will be well."

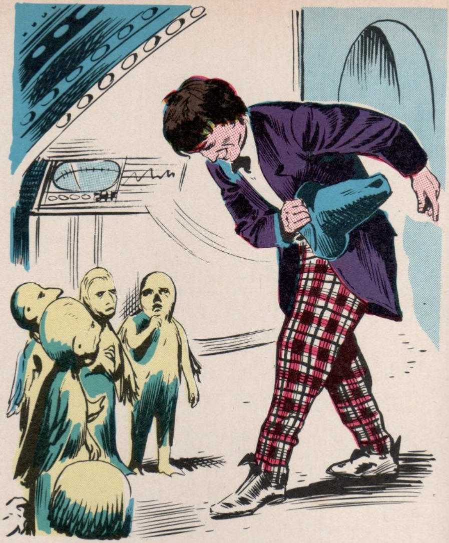
"But," howled Ben, "why shouldn't we *help* your Destiny? Why have we got to be blind and passive and just do what she tells us to do? If we get out of here now——"

"The fleet goes on and invades the Solar System, Ben," said the doctor sternly. "A race of beings with science that enables them to cross the gulf between the stars could obliterate all life from Earth, if it so desired. No, the invasion must be stopped. It *will* be stopped, and that is the secret thought I have in my mind that the Arcturians cannot know. But, and here is the rub, we must be here, and now. If we run away, to another place, or another time, the invasion may take place and may succeed. That's why we have to stay put, Ben."

"You got those aspirins, Poll?" groaned Ben. "My nut's beginning to ache again. All this stuff about Time and Space and Dimensions."

"It's too late for aspirins, Ben," said Polly steadily, and she pointed to the main vision-screen. The cloud of space ships had vanished and in their place they could see the interior of one of them. *Tardis* had been taken inside one of the invading Arcturian warships!

"Very interesting to study how Destiny works," observed Dr. Who, but on his whimsical face there was a small frown. There had been one or two very close calls in the past—or in the future for that matter—which made him think sometimes that Destiny worked somewhat sluggishly or, at least, by very roundabout methods. "Ah, well, here we are, arrived at last. I think we will go out and meet these creatures. Always a very stimulating experience to meet a new species, a new culture. An *infinite* cosmos, my children, an infinite cosmos, just think of that for a while."



He trotted over to the controls and touched the switch of the great door. The door opened and they found themselves staring out into the huge room beyond, which was ablaze with lights and crowded with—with—with what? For a moment all three of them were puzzled. The beings in the Arcturian ship bore no slightest resemblance to any sort of living being that even Dr. Who had ever encountered. Except one species, he amended his judgement.

"Blimey," said Ben, "they aren't human; they're—why, they're *birds*! They've got wings! They've claws and webbed feet! But they've got faces!"

His pipe held in one hand, Dr. Who advanced out of the door of *Tardis* into the large brilliantly lit room beyond. He swept off his hat and bowed deeply.

"Welcome," he said, beaming all over his face. "Welcome indeed."

"You know," whispered Polly, "they aren't really birds, are they? The wings, they look too tiny to bear the weight of even such little people."

"You've got it, Polly," chuckled Dr. Who. "They're Little People. You know, in Ireland they swear there *are* little people—fairies—wandering about all over the place. At first glance these—these—beings look like birds. Closer examination shows they are really people, almost like ourselves."

"I say, steady on," burst out Ben. "Like us!" He snorted. "Thank you, for nothing, I'm sure."

"Oh, shut up, my boy," said the doctor testily. "We have to meet these people properly. They've come a dreadfully long way, all the way from Arcturus. And as we are the nearest people to Earth, their obvious destination, it is up to us to do the honours."

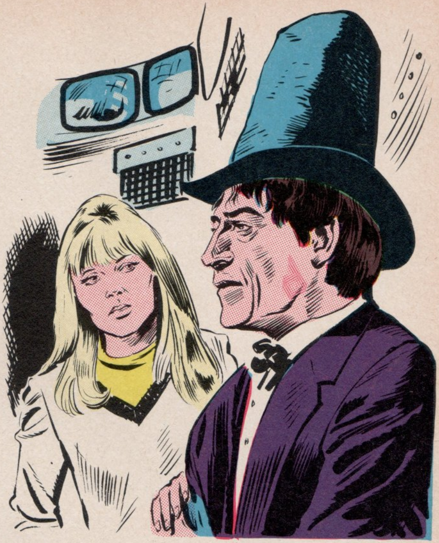
"You are from the planet Earth, then?" came a voice from the crowd of birdlike creatures facing them. "We gladly welcome you to our ship. You are the first living creatures we have seen and communicated with for such a very long time." The voice ended in a sigh.

"We welcome you to Earth," said Dr. Who. "We know you are from the star system we know as Arcturus. You have come a very long way. What is the purpose of your journey, may one ask?"

"We are refugees," replied the one who had first spoken, a birdlike creature with minute wings and small white feathers all over his body. "We seek a world of thick air, a world of a deep atmosphere. The sun of our system, Arcturus, is so enormous that for millions of years the vast force of gravitation has been steadily leaking our atmosphere out into space. The process will take a million years; it will be a million years before our world is entirely devoid of atmosphere. But we decided we would not wait for slow extinction. There came a time when flying became impossible from the thinness of the air. We decided then to flee our own world and seek a better one."

"*You* left Arcturus——" began Dr. Who, stupefied. "But Arcturus is at a distance of forty *light-years* from our sun. How——?"

"Don't misunderstand me," was the reply. "Many generations of us have lived and died since the great exodus from our world. It is now many thousands of years since the last of us died who remembered our home world. Our wings, you can see for yourself, they are small and useless. When finally we do land on a planet of a thick atmosphere, it will be many generations before our descendants can wheel and soar again through the atmosphere, as our ancestors did in the golden years of long ago."



"Why did you bring our ship inside yours?" put in Ben suddenly.

Ben had been getting very restless and his eyes had been wandering round this big room. It looked to him like a very advanced and very glittering sort of workshop or laboratory, and there were many gadgets lying around that he felt he'd like to have to experiment on. These birdlike things didn't seem to have much go in 'em, he thought to himself. Their voices were all sort of whistlings and sighings. You couldn't tell from those queer faces what they were thinking, either. The doctor seemed to have fallen for them, hook, line and sinker. Ben wasn't too sure, himself. What about Polly?

But Polly was standing beside Dr. Who, her eyes filled with stars. The poor little things, she was thinking. Not able to fly and travelling for all those weary years and all those millions of miles just to be able to fly in the air of Earth, which all Earth people were so used to they never even noticed it.

She laid a hand on the doctor's arm. "We've got to help them. They look so helpless and fragile. Isn't there something we can do to make their journey quicker?"

Dr. Who stared round the glitter-place and a sardonic smile crossed his whimsical face. "These—er—creatures don't seem in very much need of any of my technological help," he observed dryly. "They've managed to cross an enormous gulf of forty light-years, in heaven knows how many of their generations. What frightens me is what their reception will be when these ships arrive in the skies of Earth."

Polly looked thunderstruck. "Of course, the human race will take them as conquerors from space. There'll be war—oh, we have to try and stop that, Doctor, whatever else we do."

"The smaller one is interfering," said the Arcturian to Dr. Who suddenly. "He is exploring beyond the range of our sight. He may be in grave danger. There are very many instruments and machines in our ships of which we no longer have the knowledge; with the passing of the generations it has all been forgotten. We know that they are automatic and self-sustaining and for many generations that is all we needed to know."

"Ben, Ben," cried Dr. Who. "Don't wander away, boy. Where are you? Stand still so that we can see you."

With bulging eyes, Ben came through an opening. He grinned at Polly and Dr. Who.

"You should see in there," he bubbled. "Eh, what, I've never seen so many eggs in all my life. These things sure are birds, after all."

Several of the Arcturians crowded round Ben, and it was very obvious that Ben had broken some sort of taboo by seeing the eggs of the Arcturians.

Ben glared round him at the birdlike things and his hands grabbed a shining piece of apparatus from the wall. He cradled it in his hands and backed away towards the bulkhead. His fingers searched for something and found a stud. Two of the Arcturians approaching him vanished as if they had never been. Dr. Who and Polly stood in stunned silence and Ben's mouth gaped open.

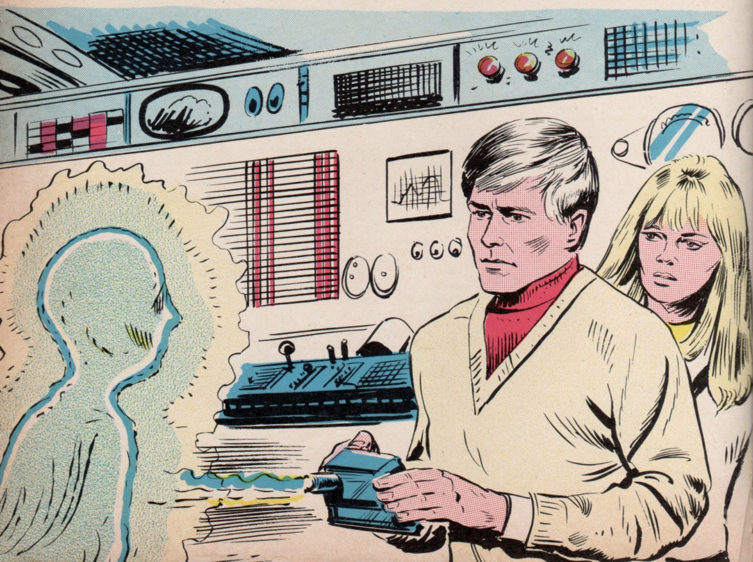
"The smaller one was not to know of our customs," came the birdlike voice again. "We cherish our young most carefully, as you can imagine. They are all we have of the past and our only hope for the future."

Dr. Who took the glittering thing from Ben's nerveless fingers. "Back into *Tardis* with you, my boy. You're lucky, they don't even know this thing can be used as a weapon. It begins to look to me as if the mere idea of weapons is absent from their mentality. Imagine this little lot on Earth."

"I didn't mean to——" began Ben brokenly. Where had those things vanished to? Was that thing the legendary disintegrator?

Ben looked longingly at it but the doctor put it resolutely behind him.

"Both of you now," he barked. "Back into *Tardis* and make ready to move when I give the signal. I'm coming with you for some apparatus,



then I'll leave you in charge until I return. No meddling now, just leave all the controls as I will set them."

He left them inside the *Tardis* control room and went out into the large room in the Arcturian vessel. He was absent for an hour and then he came back.

"An hour to duplicate the adjustment in each of their ships," he said calculatingly. "Then we will be off. We're going to lead them in triumph, children. These poor homeless things are going to be led to where they can once again live a full life."

"Not to Earth," blurted Ben, with a memory of that glittering thing he had held in his hands. "Why, if they reach Earth——"

"Precisely, Ben," said the doctor.

He turned to the controls console and was very busy. The view of the Arcturian room faded and they were in Space again surrounded by the other Arcturian ships. He pressed a small hidden lever and the light changed outside. A tunnel in Space seemed to open up before them and *Tardis* streamed along it towards a soft glowing light that came from a far distance.

The Arcturian vessels followed, then *Tardis* halted and the line of refugee ships continued. The last one vanished into the glow and then the doctor pulled the hidden lever up. The glow vanished and *Tardis* was once again in empty Space, this time free of any signs of Arcturian invaders.

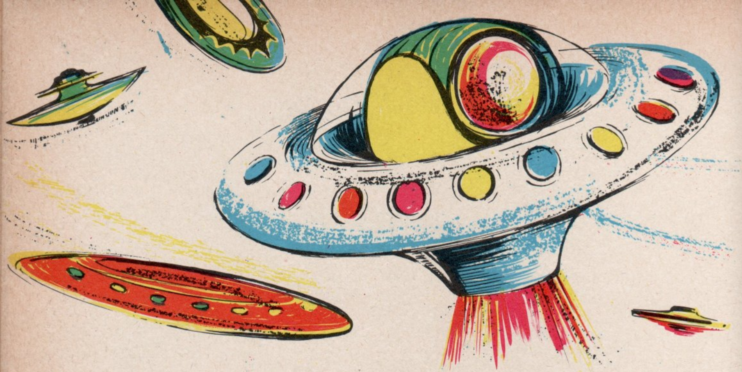
"The Ninth Dimension, I calculate," he beamed at the open-mouthed Ben and Polly. "Plenty of stars and planets there. I told you, children, this is an infinite cosmos; there are an infinite number of Dimensions, we happen to exist in just one of 'em."

"But those poor creatures——" wept Polly and the doctor soothed her.

"They'll be all right; they'll find a world where they can be happy. If they'd come to Earth, they'd have been exterminated. Think what men of Earth do to their own birds. And these Arcturians didn't even know what a weapon was. We've saved them from extermination, children. They'll get along."

"But . . . but . . . but . . . this Ninth Dimension of yours, Doctor," babbled Ben. "*Where* is it? *What* is it?"

"Oh, don't try to understand, my boy," chuckled the doctor as he reached for his little pipe. "I'll give you a little tune. Don't worry your young heads about all that. Like I told you, it's all a matter of Time."



A SKYFUL OF SAUCERS

It is very unlikely that you will look up into the sky one night and see the *Tardis* sailing blithely over you. But it is quite likely that you may see a flying saucer, or some such object.

If you do, this will not be a distinction that singles you out from your fellow men. Indeed you will be just one of a vast army of witnesses who claim to have seen circular, elliptical, oval or cigar-shaped saucers; some with a halo, some with a tail of flame; red ones, green ones; fast and slow moving saucers, or even suspended in mid-air; close to the earth or near the moon: there have been hundreds of sightings and as many different descriptions.

There have, in fact, been reports of aerial phenomena long before the modern age of the flying saucers.

The ancient Chinese described the wonders they saw as fiery dragons, while in the Mediterranean and Middle East areas any unnatural flying objects were put down as fiery chariots. The Incan culture of South America, developed independently of any outside influence, also contains numerous myths and legends of 'gods' who came down in fiery glory from the heavens.

But what of our more streamlined version?

Astronomer E. W. Maunder, watching from the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, on the night of November 17, 1882, saw 'a strange celestial visitor'. He described it as a great circular disc of greenish light, which hung in plain sight for two minutes. It moved too slowly for a meteor, too fast for a cloud.

A report in the *New York Tribune*, issue of December 23, 1909, claimed that a mysterious airship had soared over Worcester, Massachusetts, 'sweeping the heavens with a searchlight of tremendous power'. It passed on, returning two hours later, when 'thousands thronged the streets, watching the mysterious visitor'.

The same, or a similar, object was sighted over various parts of America all during the following year.

THE WORLD IS ALERTED

Britain's turn for receiving such extraordinary visitors came soon afterwards. Report of a sighting over South Wales was vividly described in the January 25, 1913, issue of the *Cardiff Evening Express*: 'Streets and houses in the locality of Totterdown were suddenly illuminated by a brilliant, piercing light which, sweeping upward, gave many spectators a fine view of the hills beyond.'

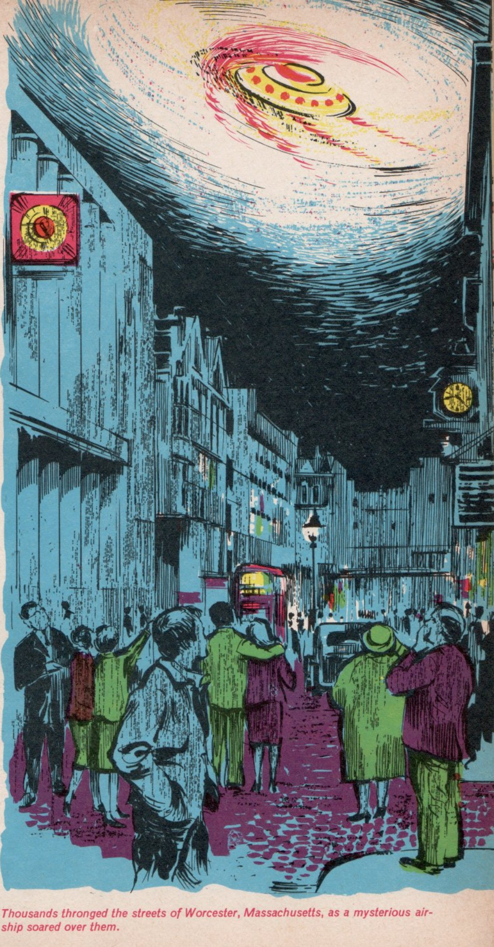
On July 19, 1938, the world's leading newspapers gave headlines to a phenomenon that arced over New York and was witnessed by thousands. This was a brilliant object which emitted a loud noise variously described as 'a great swish', 'a faraway roar' and 'a persistent hiss'. This object dived over the horizon and was thought by all to have plunged into the sea, although no wreckage was ever found. New York papers of July 29 recorded an earthquake shock felt in New York, accompanied by a freak storm and rain of cloudburst proportions.

After this sighting, many of these mysterious sky objects were seen disappearing into the oceans of the world. But, though searches were made, no trace of them was ever found. Some eminent scientists propounded the theory that objects which could dive into oceans with great force and suffer no detectable damage must be specially designed for such action; they must therefore be amphibious.

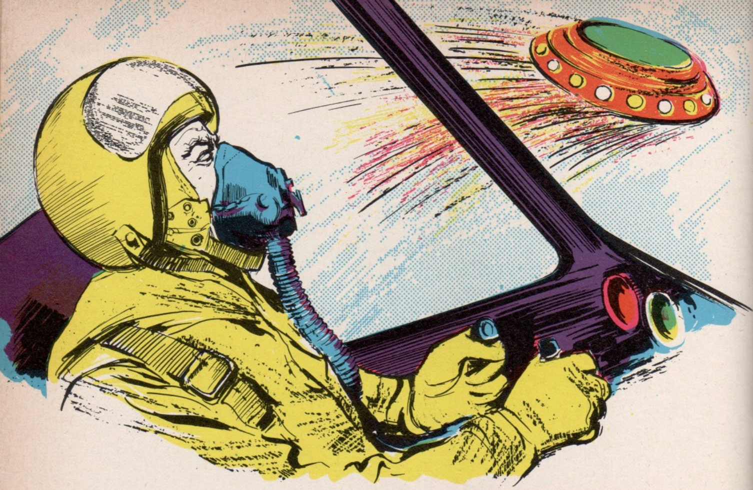
But the heyday of the flying saucer era began in 1946; since then hundreds of sightings have been reported all over the world.

Descriptions vary, describing the saucers as anything from thirty to twelve hundred feet in diameter. They are piloted by little green men twelve inches high; by robots ten feet tall; by speechless people who communicate telepathically, or sometimes they have no pilots at all.

There are also, of course, many



Thousands thronged the streets of Worcester, Massachusetts, as a mysterious airship soared over them.



Captain Thomas Mantell tried to track one of the mysterious flying objects, but his curiosity cost him his life.

reports from competent and sincere people who actually have seen a disc-shaped gadget in the sky.

The beginning of the Space Age in 1957, with the launching of the first Russian Sputnik, started people wondering if perhaps earth might not be the only inhabited planet, and if space beings existed might not they have perfected space travel? The explanation that the sightings were the hallucinations of hysterical people was discounted when radar was successfully used to track these objects.

FRIENDS OR FOES?

One man who tried to solve the mystery lost his life in the process. On January 7, 1948, Captain Thomas Mantell took off in his plane to track the object which he and a number of other people had seen from the ground. His last words over his radio described the object: 'tremendous size . . . it is climbing . . . it is going only half the speed of pursuit. . . .' As the object climbed at 400 miles an hour, Mantell still chased it.

What happened next has never been satisfactorily explained, but the wreckage of Mantell's plane was found over a wide area. Witnesses on the ground estimated the size of that flying object as 500 feet across.

An Anglican missionary in New Guinea claimed to have seen a flying saucer with human beings on board during the summer of 1959. With four of the young mission boys, he was watching the strange object when 'we saw figures appear on top—four of them—no doubt that they were human. . . . Two of the figures seemed to be doing something near the centre of the deck. . . . One figure seemed to be standing looking down at us. I stretched my arm above my head and waved. To our surprise the figure did the same. We all began waving our arms and all four seemed to wave back.'

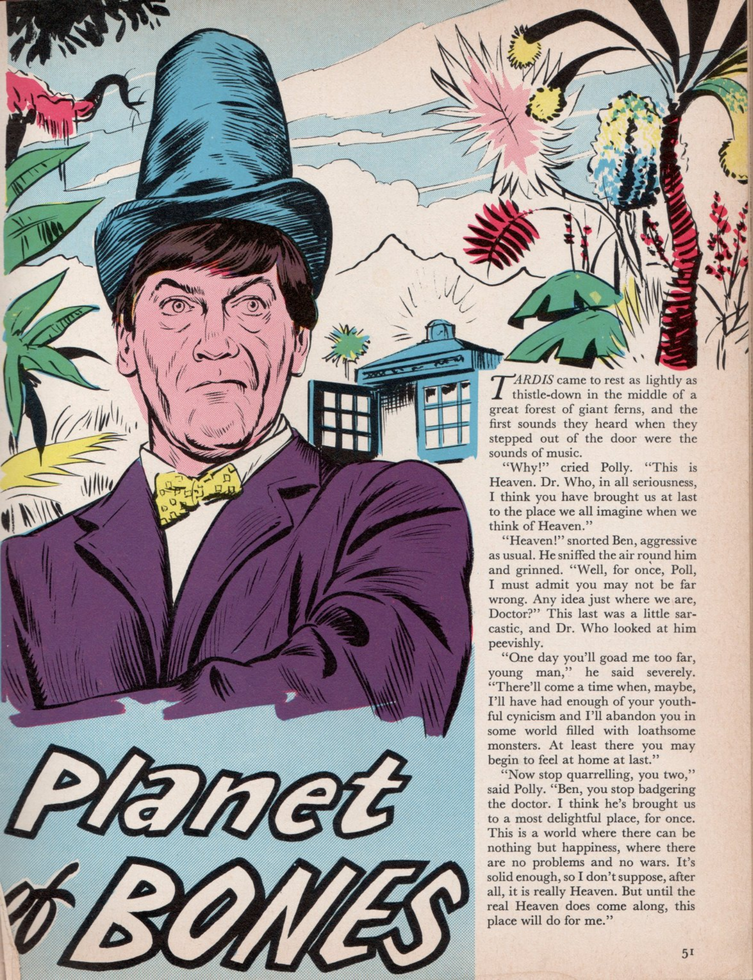
Reports of mysterious craters spread across Britain in 1963. The most sensational was the crater which appeared on the farm of Roy Blanchard at Charlton in Wiltshire. It was eight feet in diameter and about four inches in depth. In the centre was a three feet deep hole about one foot in diameter and radiating from this were four slot marks, four feet long and one foot wide.

Before this mysterious depression appeared, potatoes and barley were growing on this area. But stalks, leaves and roots had completely disappeared the following day; yet the farmer heard no crash as the object which caused the depression landed.

The Army Bomb Disposal Unit were called in to investigate, and questions were asked about the incident in the House of Commons. But neither the army nor the government could offer any explanation of the mystery.

Mr Blanchard had his own theory. 'I believe that we have received a visit from a spaceship from another world,' he said.

What is the real truth about flying saucers? Where do they come from? What brings them here? Perhaps the answers to these questions will never be known until we have conquered space and visited the worlds that lie beyond.



Planet of BONES

TARDIS came to rest as lightly as thistle-down in the middle of a great forest of giant ferns, and the first sounds they heard when they stepped out of the door were the sounds of music.

"Why!" cried Polly. "This is Heaven. Dr. Who, in all seriousness, I think you have brought us at last to the place we all imagine when we think of Heaven."

"Heaven!" snorted Ben, aggressive as usual. He sniffed the air round him and grinned. "Well, for once, Poll, I must admit you may not be far wrong. Any idea just where we are, Doctor?" This last was a little sarcastic, and Dr. Who looked at him peevishly.

"One day you'll goad me too far, young man," he said severely. "There'll come a time when, maybe, I'll have had enough of your youthful cynicism and I'll abandon you in some world filled with loathsome monsters. At least there you may begin to feel at home at last."

"Now stop quarrelling, you two," said Polly. "Ben, you stop badgering the doctor. I think he's brought us to a most delightful place, for once. This is a world where there can be nothing but happiness, where there are no problems and no wars. It's solid enough, so I don't suppose, after all, it is really Heaven. But until the real Heaven does come along, this place will do for me."

"We'll call this world Arcady, my children," said Dr. Who gaily, and he played a few bars on his pipe, strolling backwards and forwards through the huge ferns. "Let's get out of this forest and see what the rest of this place is like. There's a very strong sun up there, whatever else there is."

"Those clouds look just like cotton wool," carolled Polly, tripping in front of him through the ferns. "Just look at the colours of those leaves. They aren't all green. There's pink and mauve, blue and yellow. Do you know, this is a world in which I could imagine us finding many more colours than the seven stodgy ones we've known all our lives."

"It's warm, too," said Ben grudgingly. "You might even call it hot. Poll, you've certainly got something in this Heaven notion of yours. Will you just take a look at that landscape!"

From the edge of the great forest of giant ferns they looked down from a shallow ridge out on to a rolling land of grasses and ferns and trees. The sky was azure-blue, in which swam acres and acres of cotton-wool clouds. The silvery glint of a river came from down there and they saw movement.

"By Golly," shouted Ben, "it's inhabited. There are people down there."

"People?" said Dr. Who. "People? Well, why not people just like us? This planet would seem to be extraordinarily like old Earth at some time either in the remote past or the distant future."

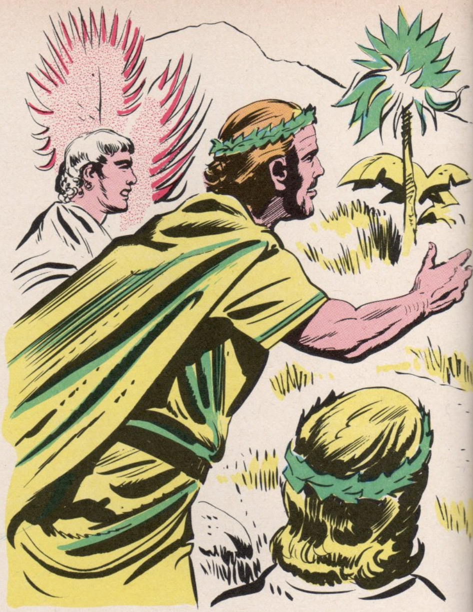
Ben looked suspiciously at him. "You're quite sure you haven't brought us back to Earth, by mistake? I'd be glad, mind you, if you had, but——"

"Young man," said the doctor coldly, "you try my patience too much at times. One thing my instruments *have* told me is that we are no longer in our own galaxy of the Milky Way but in a kind of satellite galaxy of it. From Earth it was known as a Magellanic Cloud. Now, there are two Magellanic Clouds, the Greater and the Lesser——"

"Oh, shut up, Doctor, dear," cried Polly gaily. "Let's forget all about that stuff and enjoy ourselves. This is a lovely, lovely place and I want to enjoy every minute of our stay here——"

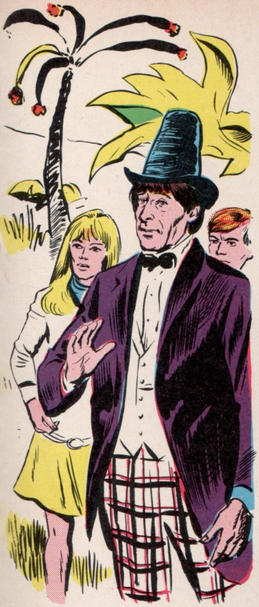
She halted, her hand to her mouth, and backed away towards the doctor and Ben.

A group of people were coming towards them. Where they had come from, the three could not tell, but they came forward with smiling faces and outstretched hands. There were about half a dozen of them, three men and three women, and they looked like Greek gods and goddesses. They wore light coloured robes and sandals of gold. On their heads were chaplets of bay leaves and they were all very well nourished, if not plump. As happy and as jolly a group of people as had ever welcomed Dr. Who on any planet. How good it was to come to such a beautiful place.



"Welcome, welcome indeed to our world of Harmony," came in jovial tones from one of the men, a plump powerful man of perhaps thirty Earth years. "We shall make it our pleasure to ensure that your stay amongst us is as enjoyable as you wish it to be. I suppose you have come from space?"

"They're talking in *music*," whispered Polly fascinated. "It doesn't sound like ordinary speech. I can hear music when he speaks."



"He said," muttered Dr. Who to himself, "'I suppose you have come from space?'"

That's an odd thing to say, he thought, staring at the group. They certainly looked happy and contented enough. Their world was well named Harmony, if all the people were like these.

"Yes," he said aloud, calmly. "As a matter of fact we have. We come from the great galaxy up there, the spiral nebula that we call the Milky Way."

"Now isn't that a most poetic name to give to a galaxy?" laughed one of the women. "Oh, yes, we know your galaxy well. It is the most majestic sight in our skies at night. But you all look so thin and hungry. Have you been travelling far?"

"Madame," began the doctor in his most professional tones, "my ship does not come or go 'far' or take a longer or a shorter 'time' to accomplish its journeys——"

"Tie a can to it, Doctor," muttered Ben. "These people don't want a lecture. They said we looked hungry and, by golly, they're right. I'm feeling starved right now. Lead me to the eats. By the looks of them, they live well here. I can just see their banquets now: the fruits, the joints, the cakes. You brought us to the right place this time, Doctor."

"Young man," protested Dr. Who angrily. But he could proceed no further for one of the men came forward, smiling, and took his arm.

"We detect a disagreement between you two," smiled the man. "This is the one rule we make for our visitors. They must not disagree with each other. This world is called Harmony. Now, after you have been with us for a while you will begin to realise that all disagreement and discord is just so much wasted energy. We've had visitors like you before, you know, and they all come to our way of thinking eventually, so you might just as well start now."

"You've had visitors before?" asked Dr. Who in surprise. "Visitors from space?"

"Of course," was the smiling reply. "From where else, might I ask? But come, we are wasting time. We must take you to the city where you will be well cared for."

"My ship," said the doctor. "I must go back and secure my ship. We left it in such a hurry to see the beauty of your world."

"Don't worry about your ship," was the soothing reply, and the man stroked the doctor's arm affectionately. "We'll find it all in good time. There is nothing to worry about. Forget it, for a while at least."

"We're on a holiday, Doctor," laughed Polly, who was being escorted by a tall plump girl of about her own age. "Forget the old *Tardis* for a while. It's quite safe. You locked it up when we left it. We can find it again all right. These lovely people are going to look after us, don't worry."

The city was like a fairytale place when the gleaming little plane landed them in a broad plaza, crowded with many people just like the ones who were their guides.

The doctor had been fascinated by the plane in which they had come. It seemed to have no discernible engine and made no sound at all. Its speed was phenomenal and they swooped over a mountain range in minutes to see the fairytale city laid out before them. One of the men had been sitting at what looked like a very simple control panel and the doctor had spoken to him as the ship soared over the broad fields.

"Where are your farms?" he asked. "I can't see any cattle. Is this all a sort of pleasure park?"

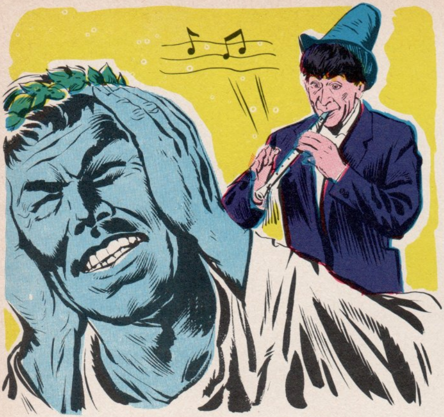
"I suppose you might call it that," was the smiling response. "But I don't know the meaning of those two words you used. What are 'farms' and what does the word 'cattle' mean?"

"Why," said the doctor amazed, "farms are——" He stopped. How do you describe a farm to a man who has never heard the word? How do you describe cattle to such a man? "Farms are where food is grown, where corn grows and where cows and sheep and pigs and so on eat so that they may give us milk and eggs and meat."

"We have no places like *that* on Harmony," laughed the pilot, and the other five joined in his laughter. Ben and Polly stared at them in surprise. "But you mustn't worry your heads about our economy," the man went on, still laughing. "All that is taken care of in our world. We don't starve, I can tell you that. A glance at us should prove that to you. And you three are going to see that we don't really need farms and—what were those words, cows, pigs, and sheep? Animals, I suppose. We have none such on Harmony."

Dr. Who stared at him, not believing a word. The man was surely mistaken or else there was a gigantic misunderstanding here. But he had no time to ask any further questions for now they had descended to the plaza.

They were led at once through



crowds of smiling, happy people, to a big building composed almost entirely of windows. If they had imagined they were going to be taken to some sort of king or president or head citizen, it looked as if any such introduction would be deferred for they were taken to a beautiful suite of rooms, furnished well, in the light and airy style that seemed to go naturally with the people themselves.

Dr. Who was reminded of Ancient Greece or Rome on Earth, or of some of the more exotic worlds to which his wanderings had taken him over the centuries. There were baths of marble and porphyry, smiling attendants of both sexes to serve them and, after that, they were led to a veritable banquet. It was served in a large room all of windows, and Dr. Who suspected that all the glass was permitting the ultra-violet rays of the sun to penetrate. A very healthy race, he surmised.

They ate fruits of a bewildering variety, with salads of all the types they knew and many quite strange to them. They ate cakes and still more fruit. There were fruit cordials to drink and they ate to repletion.

"Pretty good, after space grub," said Ben. "Could do with a nice juicy steak, though. Or a nice thick slice of grilled ham with mushrooms."

"You'll not get that on Harmony, Ben, you pig," laughed Polly. "I heard that man telling the doctor they don't have cattle here. Can you imagine that? I can't. It seems just impossible to imagine a world without cattle, without cows and pigs and sheep. Sounds a bit of a mystery to me."

"Eh?" said the doctor and he stared at her in wonder. "Polly, you do really surprise me at times with your perception. This place is . . . queer, is the only word you can put to it. How do these people live without cattle, without farms and so on? They certainly aren't starved, but I shouldn't imagine a diet of fruit and lettuce would be all that fattening. They aren't exactly skinny, any of these people, are they?"

"They don't seem to have any factories, either," said Ben absent-mindedly, as if he didn't really care. "At least I couldn't see any when we were coming down. Wasn't that flyer they brought us in a lulu? I'd give a lot to know how to manage one of those crates."

"Quite simple, young man," said the doctor. "Anti-gravity, that's what it is. I could fly one of those things any time you like."

"Not just now, anyway," grinned Ben. "I'm enjoying all this. A few weeks of this kind of life just suits me."

The man who had first greeted them now came back and beamed over them.

"And you shall have this kind of life just as long as you wish," he told them. "We want all our visitors to think of Harmony when they come to leave us. We want them to have no regrets, no lingering doubts as to our way of entertaining our guests from space. You are all feeling well?"

"Capital, capital," grinned the doctor, and he took out his pipe and trilled a few bars. The effect on the man of Harmony was startling. He staggered back and clapped his hands to his ears. Dr. Who, astounded and much offended, took the pipe from his lips. "Surely it isn't as bad as all that?" he demanded of them all.

Ben grinned. "The place is called Harmony," he said. "They speak in music, or at least that's what Poll says. Seems as though they're just not ready for your kind of music, Doctor. Don't take it to heart."

"Indeed, I shan't," said the doctor huffily, and he stared curiously at the man who had now taken his hands from his ears and was trembling violently. "You seem to be in some sort of trouble, sir?"

"No matter, no matter," said the man, and he turned away. "I'll be all right in a short while. I'll leave you now. It's been a shock, you know. We are all rather highly strung, I'm afraid. That—er—that thing of yours is a little primitive, isn't it?"

Dr. Who stared after him haughtily.

While Ben and Polly slept the doctor rose from his own couch and walked to the entrance of the room. A little exploration seemed to be a good idea. This place needed a little examination before Dr. Who could feel at ease. The surroundings and the circumstances were all too good to be true, he had decided to himself.

He wandered along a wide corridor without seeing anyone. There were many doors, all of them closed.

What mysteries lay behind those doors? It didn't take him long to decide his next move. Curiosity had always been the most outstanding characteristic of the doctor in all his long career as a Space-Time wanderer and curiosity had led him into many strange places.

The first door opened at his touch and he went inside, fearlessly and with all the nonchalance he could muster.

Some form of museum, he decided, when he had stared round the great dim chamber. A kind of museum of busts or, and a queer feeling of sudden terror came over him, of heads! Rows and rows of glass cases stood round the chamber, row upon row reaching to the far ceiling. They were all heads, sculpted with uncanny naturalism, so life-like that he could almost swear he had seen some of the features actually move. He stepped closer towards the nearest row and then stopped, scarcely breathing. He had heard voices from outside the door, the musical tones of the people of Harmony.

A sudden panic came over him. Some inner sense told him that he must not be found here.

He darted over towards the glass domes and slipped between them just as the door opened and two of the planet people entered.

"Routine check, eh, Alba?" said one. "The automatics work very well, I must say. That last batch from Andromeda yielded some very good brains, I must admit. We were getting a bit low on scientists before that. Something to do with the blood-plasma, I should say."

"This old one from Earth promises well," laughed the other. "You know, Sandor, I had to laugh at his questions about the farms and the animals. I have him set down as a scientist. By the way, we mustn't forget to have that 'ship' they arrived in brought in. It should yield us some fine new material. We're beginning to get short of minerals."

"I'll order it at once, Alba," was the reply.

The pair were walking up and down in front of the first row of glass domes, touching here and there something which the doctor had not noticed in the dimness. He crouched back further into the dark shadows.

"The two young ones, of course, will go to the breeding pens after a few days here. They looked well enough nourished, I should say. The old one, of course——" He paused and Dr. Who held his breath. He knew very well whom they were referring to.

"Of course," was the casual reply. "No use wasting good food on him. We'll try him in here for a while and see what he's got for us. All finished now, Sandor?"

The voices fell as the couple walked to the door. Dr. Who waited, scarcely breathing, and his eye rested on one of the faces closest to him. The closed eyelids lifted and he looked into those eyes. The universe spun round him, and he felt suddenly very sick. The head inside that glass case was alive! Through the mist of horror that swept over his mind he heard voices from the door.

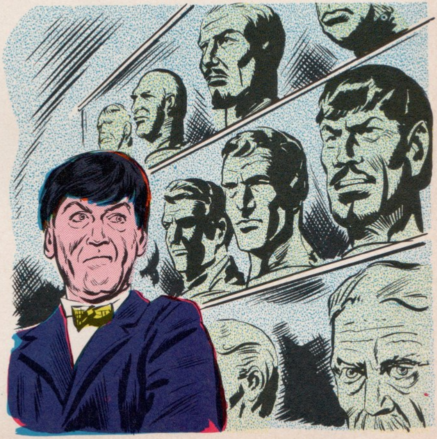
Sandor and Alba stood in the open doorway and a crowd surrounded them. The musical tones now sounded a little excited as though something unpredictable had happened to disturb the calm of these people.

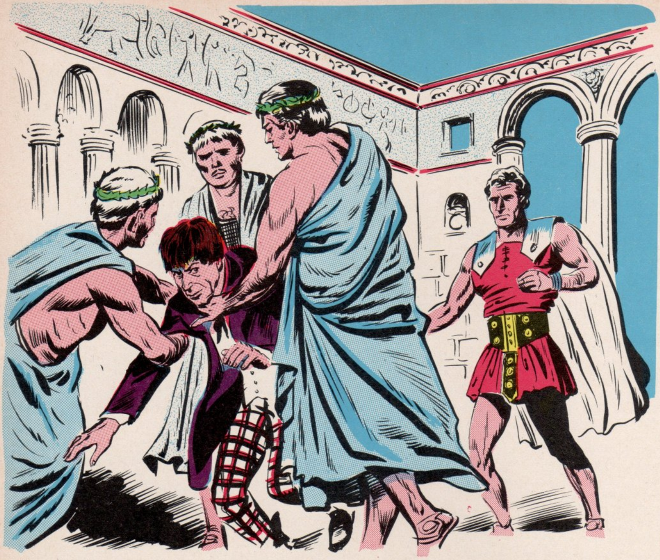
The door closed and he heard no more. Reeling with terror, he crept out from between those glass cases, not daring even to glance back at them. He crept over and stood motionless beside the closed door, listening. He could hear the voices from outside now.

"The man must be found at once," came in the musical voice of Sandor. "At once, I repeat. He must not be allowed to wander at will. Some of you have been most remiss about this affair. What of the young male and female?"

"Sleeping quietly," was the reply. "Nothing to worry about there. We'll soon round up the old one. Is he for the laboratory?"

"As soon as he's found. We can't risk him getting back to the others with news of anything he's seen or heard. This matter has been botched and there will be a most strict inquiry."





Almost fainting with horror, Dr. Who listened. But no more voices came and the corridor outside sounded empty. He pushed the door open and peered outside. He must return at once to Polly and Ben, and tell them of his dreadful suspicions.

He was almost back to the room where they lay sleeping when they fell upon him. There must have been a dozen of them, powerful young men with happy, smiling faces who held him quite motionless in their strong hands. The pair he had heard, Sandor and Alba, were with them, and they smiled at Dr. Who.

"Sleep-walking maybe," observed Alba pleasantly, and his voice was filled now with a music that turned the doctor's blood to ice. "Now, that is not a very good thing for a visitor to do. If you were curious, you had only to ask questions. We would have answered you."

"Those heads," burst out the doctor. "They're alive; they're living. What devil's work goes on here? What was that talk of the breeding pens?"

"Ah," smiled Sandor and his eyes sparkled. "You have heard a very great deal, it seems. Explanations will not be so tediously long." His voice was like the sound of bells and tinkling cymbals and Dr. Who's blood almost curdled. They had released him but stood shoulder to shoulder round him, smiling at him like—like—did his mind dare to make the simile?—like butchers surrounding the captive ox.

"You asked about our farms and our animals," said Alba. "This may be the start of your education for your future work for us when you are in your case back there. You are a scientist, I believe. We have need of you. You will be of great assistance to us."

The doctor almost fainted as the implications of the musical words came to him. The glass cases, the breeding pens . . . all of it was now so simple and so horribly plain.

"Thousands of years ago," went on Alba, "we had animals such as you speak of: cows, pigs, sheep, poultry. A mysterious plague wiped out all of them inside ten years. There are now only ten thousand of us left on the planet and we have been forced to sustain ourselves with what nourishment we can find. There are many voyagers from space who land on our lovely world and we make use of them. As I point out, you make use of the beasts on your own world. To us, all other creatures are lower species. Why question our right to do what we must do to preserve our own species——?"

The pipe, that was it, thought Dr. Who in the midst of his terror. He groped in his pocket and found it. The first chords sent them all reeling back from him and, still blowing feverishly down it, he made his escape and, still playing, dashed down the corridor. Roughly he dragged Polly and Ben into wakefulness and, disregarding their sleepy and angry protests, pushed them out ahead of him, still playing on the pipe.

There was a group of the people of Harmony round the flyer in which they had been brought, but they fell back with their hands to their ears as the doctor, deliberately now playing in the most frightful discords, heaved the protesting pair into the plane.

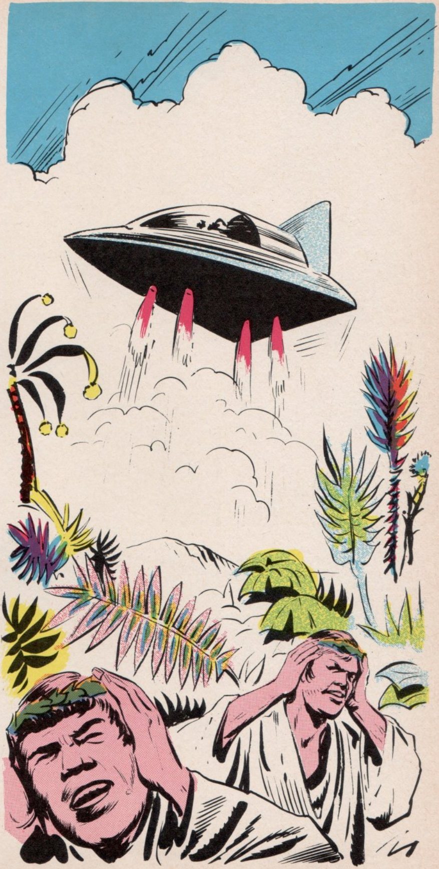
At a touch of a stud it rose vertically straight up, and he immediately set course for the forest of ferns.

They were bombarding him with questions, but he would not tell them all he had learned. It was all too horrible for their young minds. If there had been anything he could do to stop this terrible way of life he might have told them and enlisted their help. But there was nothing that the three of them, without weapons, could do. All that was possible now was to save their own lives and get out of Harmony for good, if they could escape.

As the flyer landed beside *Tardis*, a flock of similar flyers closed in on the forest of giant ferns. Dr. Who fumbled for the lock, sweat streaming down his face. He pushed the still protesting Ben and Polly inside.

He did not relax until *Tardis* was under way, to a great strident humming of the electronic components. Only when the vision screens showed that they were back once more in the inter-spatial flux did he breathe quietly at last.

"What was all the rush to get away from that fine place?" Ben demanded. "I'm as hungry as a hunter. I was intending to ask for a steak for breakfast. Why, Doctor, what's the matter? You look as though you're going to be sick."



THE SKY AT NIGHT

Across our sky at night spreads the Milky Way: thousands of stars clustered so thickly together that they blend into one starry mass.

Six thousand years ago, Babylonian astrologers charted and named one dozen special constellations of stars. These groups of stars were singled out because the sun rose in a different one of them each month. The signs of the zodiac are: Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo, Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Capricorn, Aquarius and Pisces.

The twelve months of the year thus became linked with one of the signs in this celestial family, which was called the zodiac or "ring of animals" because most of the twelve constellations were given the names of animals. Men believed, and many still do, that each sign of the zodiac influenced the psychology and destiny of a person born in that month and shaped the course of events during its ascendancy.

Looking up at night we see the stars on a dark background called the celestial sphere. As the earth rotates stars appear on our eastern horizon and disappear in the west. As the seasons change so does the earth's position change in relation to the stars, so the stars we see in winter are different from those we see at other times of the year.

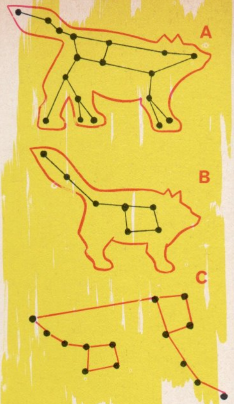
The stars, with the exception of the sun, are so far from the earth that their distances can be measured only in trillions of miles. Astronomers use "light years" to express distances, a light year being the distance light travels in one year at a speed of 186,000 miles per second—almost six trillion miles. Light from our sun takes 4⅓ light years to reach the closest star, Proxima Centauri, which is nearly 25 trillion miles away. A jet plane travelling nonstop at six hundred miles per hour would take 4,750,000 years to make this trip.

In colour, stars vary from dark red for the cold stars, to yellow, to white and bluish-white for the hottest stars.

Stars vary in size as well as colour. There are dwarfs, giants, average stars, and even twins. Like people too, they have different personalities. Some are calm, shining steadily through the centuries. Others wax bright and dim, often changing in a matter of hours.

The best known constellation in the northern hemisphere is the Big Dipper, which consists of four stars with a handle of three more stars almost in a straight line. The two stars forming the extreme end of the Big Dipper box point directly to the North Star, which is the bright star at the tip of the handle of the Little Dipper. About 2,000 years ago, before the birth of Christ, there was a different North Star, and 2,000 years from now there will be still another.

A world of mystery and beauty surrounds us in the stars at night.

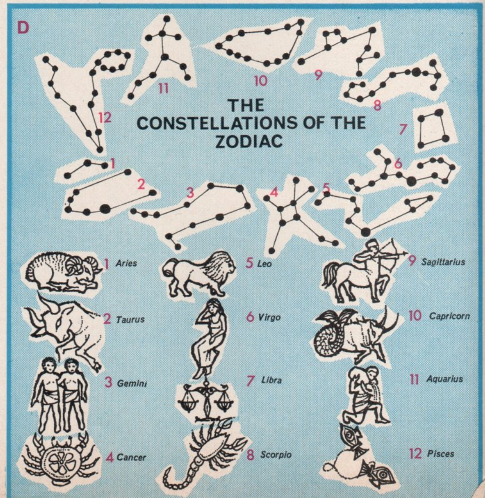


A *The Big Dipper is a part of a constellation called the Big Bear or Ursa Major.*

B *The Little Dipper is a part of a constellation called the Little Bear or Ursa Minor. Here is the Little Bear's Picture.*

C *The Big Dipper which points directly to the North Star at the extreme end of the handle of the Little Dipper.*

D *It is a long orderly parade. It takes one year to pass before us. Then it starts all over again.*
This imaginary parade in the heavens is called the Zodiac.



WHEN STARLIGHT GROWS COLD

THAT there was something dreadfully wrong, all three of them knew as if by instinct. No words were spoken at first. All three stared in terrified dismay at the blackness of the vision-screen.

Dr. Who ran his fingers over the whole complicated array of switches on the centre control of the *Tardis*. Once again he checked that the strange craft that was his home had actually and physically stopped in the material universe of matter that they all knew, and not in the intra-dimensional flux which interspersed their journeyings through space and time, and which was always grey and featureless.

"Well, Polly and Ben," he spoke in as matter-of-fact a voice as he could. "We've stopped, in our own universe. We aren't in any of the infinite number of other dimensional universes that are in cosmic space. We are as motionless as any solid body ever is in the relative space-time of our universe. Yet outside is nothing . . . just nothing . . . in itself a sheer impossibility in physical space."

"It's dead black," said Ben in an awed voice. "It's so black it looks as if it's more solid than anything else, just as if we were inside a huge block of black marble."

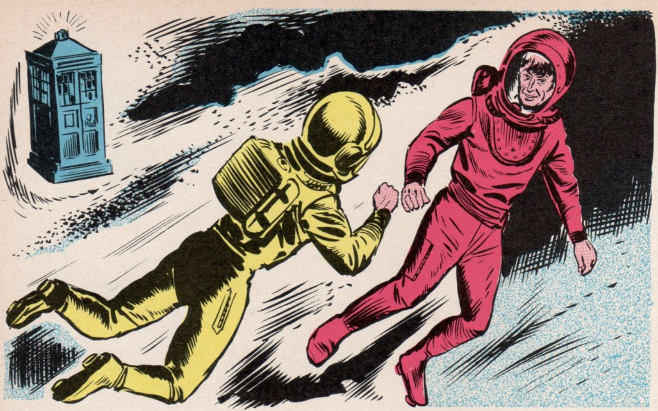
"Look who's being poetic," laughed Polly. "Like flies in amber, you mean, sailor. Well, Doctor, you're the pilot. Where are we now?"

Dr. Who looked quizzically at them both. He was used to them by now. Their jeers and taunts meant nothing to him. They formed a tight little team together and had come through some very tight spots together. He felt they wouldn't be scared if he told them the truth. His instruments had been telling him their own stories, and he knew now just where they had materialised. Not an exact spot, of course, not even an approximate location. The area of the 'place' they were in was of the order of billions of light-years and, actually, to term it 'nothing' was as close as a human being could ever hope to get towards describing it.

"We have materialised in inter-galactic space, my children," he beamed at them. "We are approximately four quadrillion of light-years from the nearest island universe or galaxy of stars. My biological probe is completely cold and neutral. We three are the only living things within a truly stupendous area of space."

Ben heaved a sigh of relief and uttered a chuckle. "Is that all?" he scoffed. "Well, what are we waiting for, Doctor? Get the *Tardis* on the move again, but quick. I can't quite imagine what a light-year is like, but it seems like a very great length of time, or amount of space, whichever you like. Let's get out of here."

Dr. Who looked pained. "My dear Ben," he said chidingly. "Do you fully realise that this is the first time—as far as anyone can ever know—that thinking reasonable beings, who can see, hear and understand, have ever existed so far from material bodies, such as planets and suns? The space between the galaxies has always been just a sort of abstraction to men on Earth. They reasoned it had to be there, but the mere



stupendous fact of those endless regions of utter nothingness, no atoms, no light, no heat——"

"Doctor," cried Polly in a voice of fear, "the biological probe meter is moving!"

"It can't be, my dear," the doctor replied in a scoffing tone and his eyes rested on the big meter set in the wall.

He saw that the needle which had been resting against the zero pin was now quivering, very slowly it was true, but moving outwards towards a point which would indicate the certainty that the *Tardis* was in the vicinity of matter, composed of atoms in which the electrons were in violent motion. The probes were outside the vessel, securely insulated from the inside where the three living beings were, so it was certain that outside there was material being!

"Interesting, very interesting," he said in a light tone, but inwardly he was as excited as it was possible for him to be. The meter was not at fault, he was quite certain of that. "Well now, children, there is only one thing to do. Two of us must go outside. I have three space-suits in my store-room. Ben, you and I must suit up and go for a walk in space."

"But . . . but . . ." Ben babbled. "It'll be cold out there, as cold as it possibly can be anywhere. Our blood will freeze——"

"Use your intelligence, boy," snapped Dr. Who. "The suits will provide us with air and heat. Gravitation will hold us close to the *Tardis*. There is nothing whatever to fear. Polly must be sealed up in one compartment while we open the door. One thing I did not provide in my ship was an airlock. Now then, Ben, look lively. See that meter; it's registering a trifle more every second we argue. Come along, my boy."

The two suits were equipped with radio, and in Polly's sealed-off room was another radio so that they could remain in touch. A glass window in the room gave Polly a view of the main control room and, with frightened eyes, she watched them, in their bulky suits, walking to the open door. She could see the biological probe meter and the needle was, ever so slowly, creeping round to the red band that indicated the presence of Life!

"Now just relax, Ben," crackled the doctor's voice over the suit radio. "Don't try to swim or you may go shooting off away from the *Tardis*, and it could then be quite some time before you drifted back. The idea is to stay as still as you can and, if you do move, make the exertion with an arm or a leg away from the *Tardis*. That way you'll react towards the ship. Got it?"

"By golly," came Ben's terrified voice. "I've never felt so scared in all my life. It's as black as the inside of a bag. There's nothing, just nothing, for millions and millions of miles. It makes my flesh creep."

"Absolutely nothing to be frightened of, Ben," the doctor tried to reassure him. "We are close to the absolute zero of inter-galactic space. There really is nothing here, no star-dust or anything like that. Even the ship meters registered no heat at all from outside. This is definitely a time in the cosmos when starlight is cold."

"But that meter back there showed there was some heat," objected Ben. "There must be something out here giving off heat."

"If there is," said the doctor with a chuckle, "then it's invisible and that sort of thing just isn't possible, you know."

The voice of Polly crackled in his inter-com. "Doctor, Doctor, the *Tardis* is moving! I'm sure it is. You know that direction indicator. It's started to register. The ship is being dragged by something."

"What about the biological probe meter, girl?" roared Dr. Who. "Is it still advancing?"

"Almost into the red band," she replied. "Have you found anything out there? I wish you'd hurry. I'm scared to death inside here all alone."

"Don't be silly, Polly," snapped the doctor. "You're perfectly safe in there. What can possibly harm you inside *Tardis*? No, we've found nothing at all outside here. We'll be back inside again before long."

"Doctor," came from Ben's radio. "I can see what look like very faint smudges of light. At first I thought I was seeing things but——"

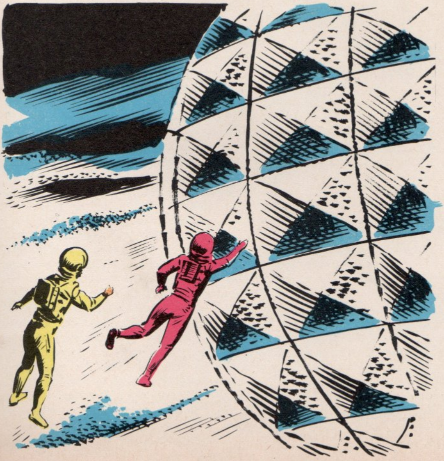
"What you're seeing, my boy," replied the doctor, "is the very faint light coming from a *galaxy*. That smudge, as you call it, is the light coming for many millions of light-years from an entire galaxy of stars, hundreds of light-years in diameter and containing millions of stars, most of them far bigger than our Sun."

"Hold it, Doctor," groaned Ben. "My head's aching again. Isn't it enough to be out here without your astronomy lessons? Just give me the lucky old Sun again at its proper distance away. I can't take too much of this."

A high scream came from Polly in the *Tardis*. "It's into the red now, right into the red. You must be seeing something, you must. There's something out there, something living."

"Listen, child," explained the doctor patiently. "It's we two, Ben and I, who are registering on the probes now. We're outside the insulation of *Tardis* now and it's our heat and electro-magnetic radiation that's agitating the thing."

"As a theory, Doctor," came Ben's voice, "that may be all very well. But if you'd just look round you'll see that Polly is right and that we are *not* alone."



Irritated, Dr. Who moved an arm and a leg cautiously and he swung round until he was facing Ben, hanging there in the blackness, illuminated only now and again by the lights coming from the *Tardis* view-ports.

It was like a gigantic erector-set. When the light shone on it, it was bright and silvery. It was of truly enormous proportions and dwarfed the *Tardis* as it approached, swimming lazily towards them. It had come out of the eternal night of inter-galactic space and the doctor knew that it and the *Tardis* were attracting each other by the mutual gravitational affinity of all bodies in free space. Then the *Tardis* touched the thing and there was no noise at all for there was no atmosphere to carry any sound.

Dr. Who hung there in the faint light, staring across at the new object.

It was like a vast ball made of open-work mesh and inside it was all grey and lustrous. No lights shone from it, either inside or outside, and there seemed to be no movement from within it, although now and again he had the tantalising impression that there was a surging movement going on.

"Ben," he muttered into his suit-microphone. "I'm going inside that thing. Are you game?"

"Eh?" said Ben in amazement. "Going inside there? You must be out of your mind, Doctor. Here we are, millions and millions of miles from nowhere and this thing heaves up against us. Heaven knows what it is, or what it contains. There might be frightful monsters inside that thing, just waiting for us to step inside, like flies into a spider's web. No, sir, I say let's head back for the ship and get out of here. This is no place for human beings."

"You're right there, my boy," said the doctor grimly. "But there is a little matter of scientific curiosity. This is something new, something quite outside my experience. I've got to see what it is. I'm going inside there, alone if I must. But I'll admit I'd like company."

"What about me, Doctor?" came in Polly's shrill tones from inside the *Tardis*. "If you go in there and something happens to you, I'll be left all alone here. I can't pilot the *Tardis*."

"Then it would be a good time to learn," retorted Dr. Who tartly. "My dear girl, nothing is going to happen to us, I can assure you of that. And, if anything does, well, you've got your youth and your health and strength and sole possession of the most marvellous thing ever made by the hand and brain of man. We're going in. Ready, Ben?"

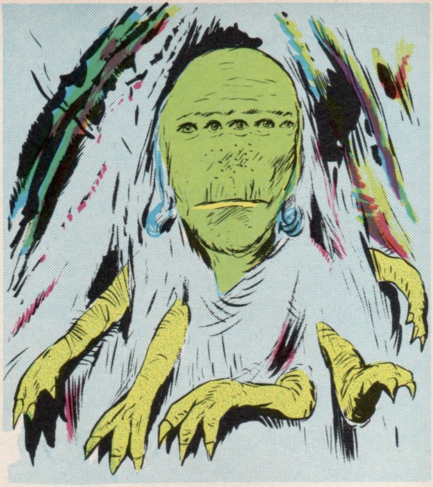
"Oh, well," groaned Ben. "Here I come, though without enthusiasm. I can't leave you to go in there all by yourself. You lead, I'll follow. Polly, for the love of Pete, stop snivelling, will you? It isn't exactly encouraging to hear you grizzling back there. Hold the fort, we won't be long."

"Ben, Ben!" exclaimed the doctor excitedly as he swam towards the mighty mesh-like frame of the newcomer. "This stuff is *hair*! It's hair, boy, the kind that grows on our heads. There's something else too; it's like great plastic rods. If we could hear they'd be rattling together like bamboo poles."

The grey hair-like stuff was all around them as they swam in through the holes in the mesh. It enveloped them like smoke and now they could not even see each other but had to rely on communicating through the inter-coms.

Farther and farther inside they penetrated and then came their greatest shock. The open-work of the sphere had convinced Dr. Who that it was just a material object and that no living beings could be inside it. Without air and without starlight, how could anything living have survived the truly titanic journey this thing must have made, if indeed it was a ship at all? To traverse the immense distances between the galaxies must have taken many, many millions of years and, therefore, it was not possible.

His thoughts were shattered all at once by the sight of the cocoons. For that is what they looked like. There were about twelve of them, ranged in racks inside the sphere, racks of the same silvery substance as the outside of the thing. They were enormous, all measuring over a hundred feet in length. And they were bursting open! From each of them billowed masses and masses of the grey hair that was filling the sphere. Now he saw that the plastic-like objects were nothing more or less than nails, or claws or talons, whichever description fitted.



"They're living beings, Doctor," came in Ben's voice. "Living things. Monsters, like I said. Nearly a hundred feet tall, or long, whichever it is. Look, there's one of the heads. Golly, just look at that head. It's like something out of a nightmare."

Dr. Who stared fascinated at this creature from out of nowhere. The cocoon, like that of some gigantic butterfly, had burst in many places and, like all the others, the hair and the talons, still growing after all those uncountable years, was billowing out and had entirely filled the whole of that mysterious sphere, open to the dead cold of Space and yet containing beings which lived and breathed and . . . slept in the deep slumber of suspended animation.

The head was grey and freakishly like a human head, with many horrible differences. There was a row of eyes round the top of the head and a cavernous mouth, now closed. There was neither a nose nor a snout, natural enough in a being which did not breathe atmosphere. There seemed to be more limbs than were normal. In fact, some of them were protruding here and there from bursting places in the cocoons.

In his absorption Dr. Who was quite oblivious to his surroundings and he did not see Ben stare round, nor did he hear his shout over the inter-com. As in a dream he felt Ben's arms go round him and push him towards a blue thing that seemed to be entangled in the great masses of hair. He was absorbed in his thoughts of these twelve voyagers from the most remote regions of the cosmos, unbreathing and immune to the cold of space, travelling for unknown millions of light-years through the waste places of space where starlight did not penetrate. Then the materialisation of the *Tardis* with its three human occupants, three living, breathing animal bodies. The mutual attraction of the two objects had brought them together and the tiny residual amount of heat and electromagnetic radiation from their three bodies which had leaked through the insulation of the *Tardis* had been enough to reawaken the body processes of these titanic creatures so that their living processes had registered on the biological meter.

He was still dreaming and still speculating when the familiar surroundings of his *Tardis* impinged on his vision. He felt Ben's hands tearing the air-mask from his head and, in furious anger, he turned to the pair. The great door of the *Tardis* was closed and the control room was filled with air. Polly stood beside the control console, rapidly snapping switches and pulling levers.

"What is the meaning of this?" he thundered. "How did you dare to bring us back from out there? The most engrossing mystery of my whole life. Stop that, I say, stop that interference; you'll wreck us."

"You told me now was the time to learn, Doctor," said Polly primly, turning to him. "Heaven knows I've watched you often enough. I could see through the vision-screen and the needle was pressing against the red pin. Whatever creatures were in that space-ship were getting very restless."

Dr. Who hit his forehead and groaned. "You crazy young idiot," he raged. "Imagine it, beings from remote space, in suspended animation between the galaxies, beings who can survive in space without air and heat. And you have dragged me away from finding out——"

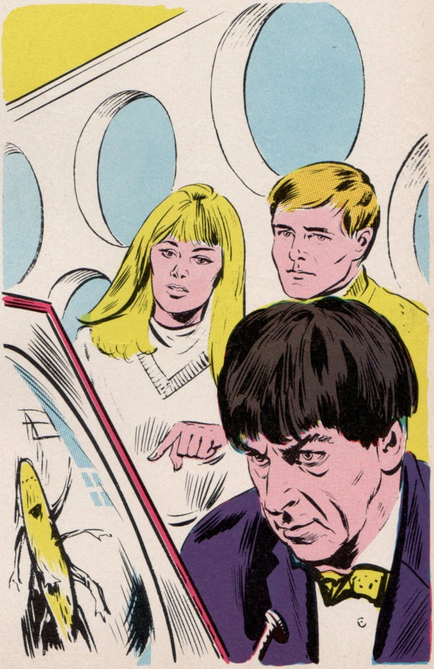
"Just take a gander through that vision-screen, Doctor," said Ben dryly. "Those things were a hundred feet high or long. Calling 'em monsters would be understating it. Just look and see what Poll's saved us from."

The multiple eyes were opening and the great mouths were gaping. Several scaled limbs as long as tree-trunks and equipped with talons that vanished into the vast billowing masses of hair were bursting slowly out of the huge cocoon. As they watched in horrified amazement, the great limbs dropped and the eyes closed. But Dr. Who had caught a glimpse of the expression in those alien orbs. He gave a sigh.

"Maybe you're right, Ben. Those things were a bit out of our line. Still, I would have dearly loved to have—but, look, Polly, you've moved the *Tardis* and kept it in its own space-time universe. That's a thing I've never been able to do before."

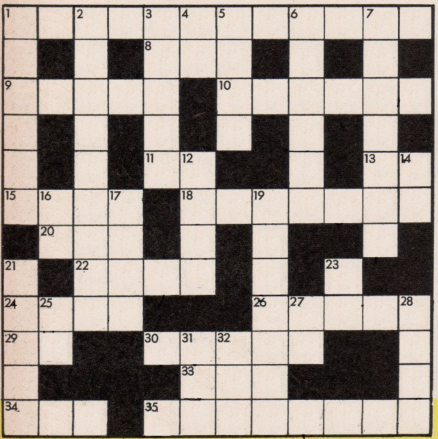
Filled with a new interest, he went and stood beside the girl at the panel. "Now, tell me just how you did that. It would be very useful to be able to move our *Tardis* in short distances and not find ourselves in some outlandish corner of the cosmos or some far remote period of time. Just show me what you did, girl."

"It was a chance in a thousand million, Doctor." She gave a strained, almost hysterical laugh. "It'd take me another thousand million years to do it again."



TEST FROM TARDIS

Dr. Who often has periods of time in his police box-cum-space-and-time-ship when he has nothing to do. At times like these he likes to relax with a musical interlude or sometimes he makes up crosswords. Here is one he did especially for you. Can you do it?



Across

1. Two dimensions through which Dr. Who's police box travels (3 words)
8. Card
9. Private teacher
10 & 35 Northern Lights
11. His Eminence (abbr.)
13. United Kingdom(abbr.)
15. Midday
18. A companion
20. Draw
22. Term of contempt for Spaniards or Portuguese
24. Final
26. Redskins had them in shape of a pole
29. United States (abbr.)
30. Planet hidden by perpetual clouds
33. Weapon
34. Fuel
35. See 10 across

Down

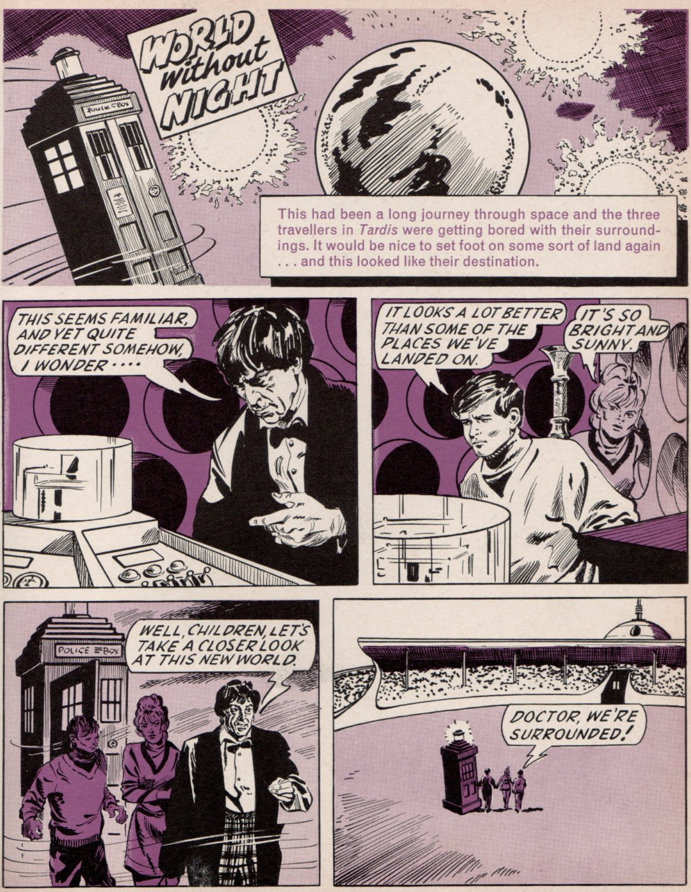
1. Planet with rings
2. These make up a belt orbiting the sun between Mars and Jupiter
3. This planet
4. Alternating current (abbr.)
5. Sort of tide caused when sun, moon and earth form right-angled triangle with earth at apex
6. Name of Dr. Who's police box
7. Planet nearest the sun
12. Voice rebound
14. Knight of the Order of the Thistle (abbr.)
16. Old Testament (abbr.)
17. Tidy
19. Planet orbiting between Pluto and Uranus
21. Farthest planet from sun
23. French word for "and"
25. Like
27. Ordnance Survey (abbr.)
28. The red planet
31. Self
32. National Union of Railwaymen (abbr.)

ANSWERS

Across:
1. Space and Time. 8. Ace. 9. Tutor. 10. Aurora. 11. He. 13. U.K. 15. Noon. 18. Consort. 20. Tie. 22. Dago. 24. Last. 26. Totem. 29. U.S. 30. Venus. 33. Gun. 34. Oil. 35. Borealis.

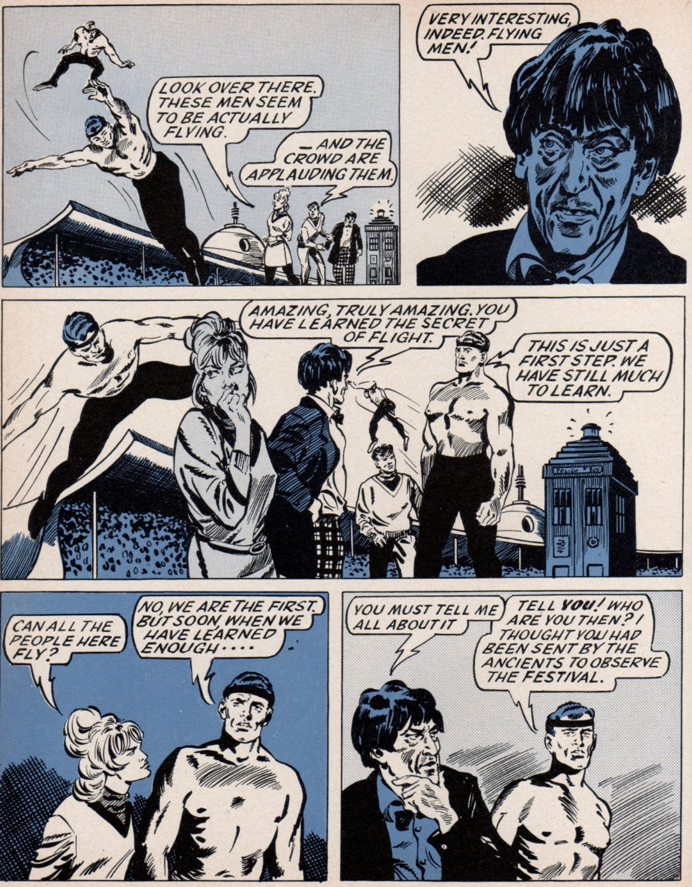
Down:
1. Saturn. 2. Asteroids. 3. Earth. 4. A.C. 5. Neap. 6. Tardis. 7. Mercury. 12. Echo. 14. K.T. 16. O.T. 17. Neat. 19. Neptune. 21. Pluto. 23. Et. 25. As. 27. O.S. 28. Mars. 31. Ego. 32. N.U.R.

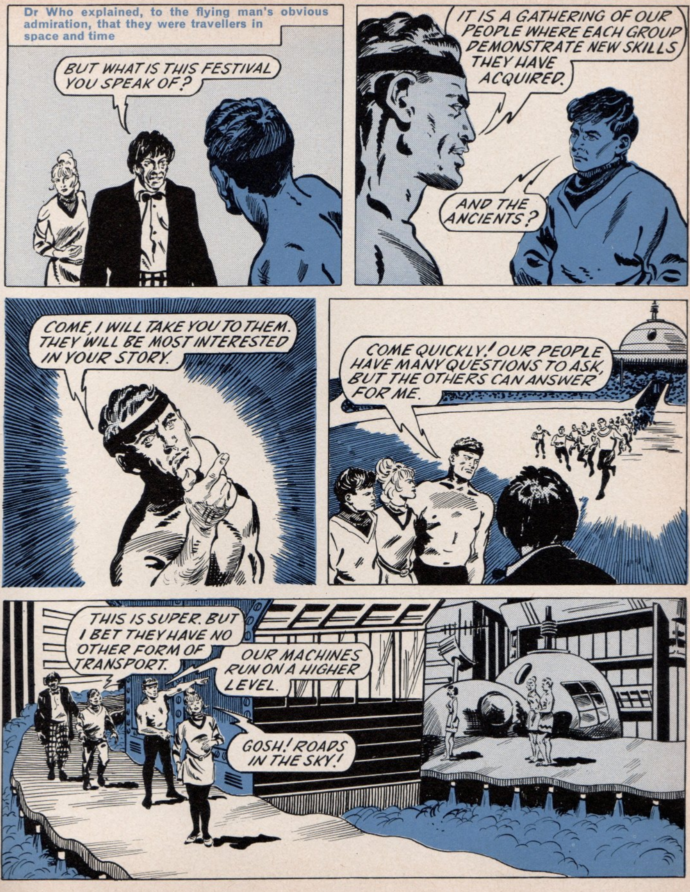
WORLD without NIGHT

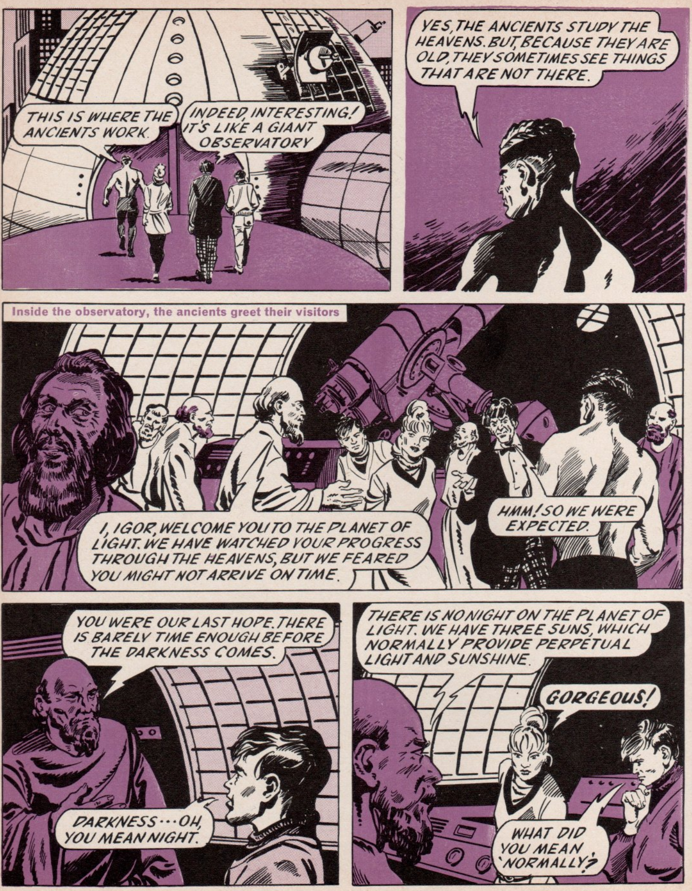


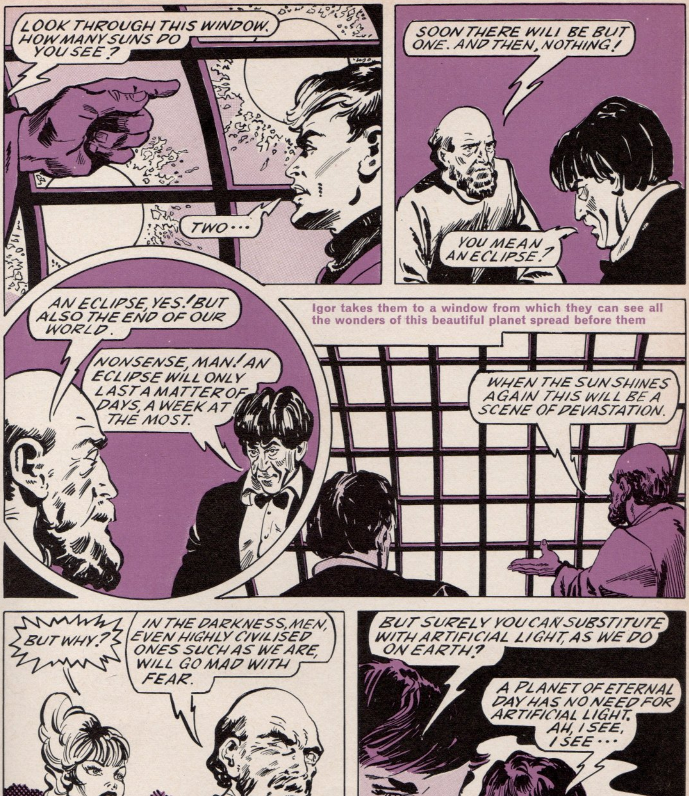
This had been a long journey through space and the three travellers in *Tardis* were getting bored with their surroundings. It would be nice to set foot on some sort of land again . . . and this looked like their destination.

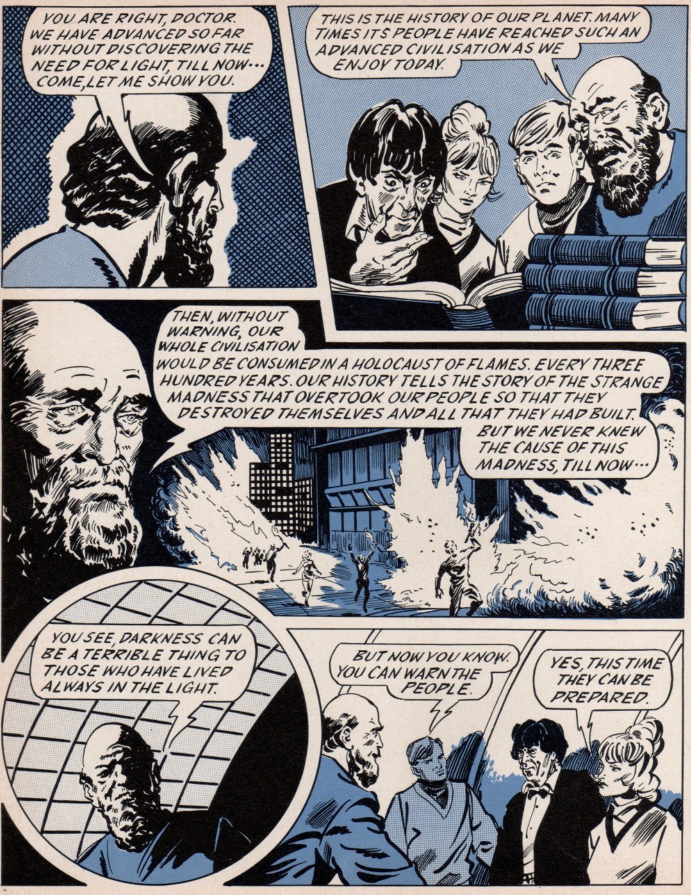
POLICE BOX
THIS SEEMS FAMILIAR, AND YET QUITE DIFFERENT SOMEHOW, I WONDER....
IT LOOKS A LOT BETTER THAN SOME OF THE PLACES WE'VE LANDED ON.
IT'S SO BRIGHT AND SUNNY.
POLICE BOX
WELL, CHILDREN, LET'S TAKE A CLOSER LOOK AT THIS NEW WORLD.
DOCTOR, WE'RE SURROUNDED!

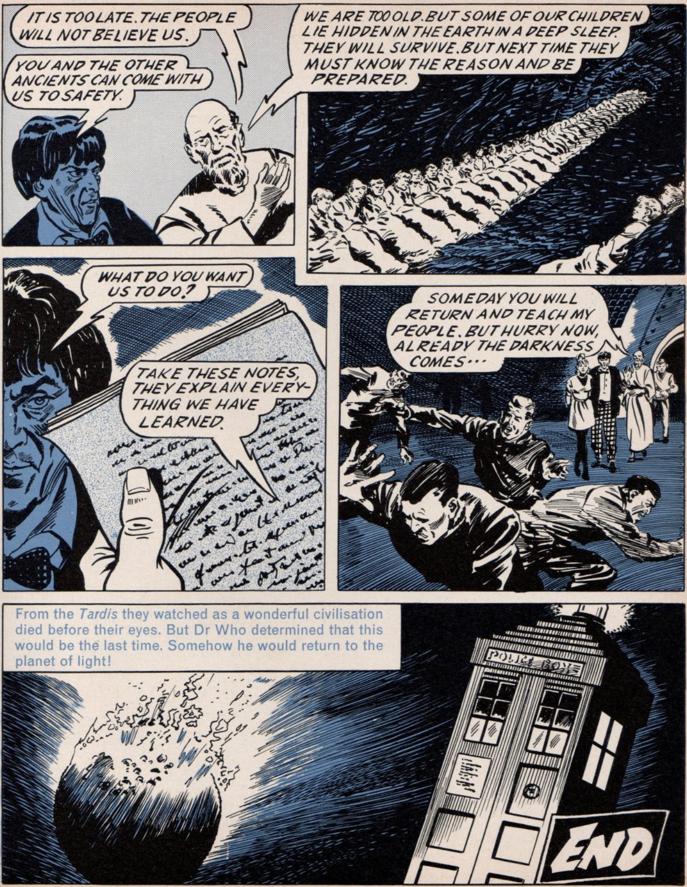

LOOK OVER THERE. THESE MEN SEEM TO BE ACTUALLY FLYING.
— AND THE CROWD ARE APPLAUDING THEM.
VERY INTERESTING, INDEED. FLYING MEN!
AMAZING, TRULY AMAZING. YOU HAVE LEARNED THE SECRET OF FLIGHT.
THIS IS JUST A FIRST STEP. WE HAVE STILL MUCH TO LEARN.
POLICE BOX
CAN ALL THE PEOPLE HERE FLY?
NO, WE ARE THE FIRST. BUT SOON, WHEN WE HAVE LEARNED ENOUGH . . . .
YOU MUST TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT
TELL **YOU**! WHO ARE YOU THEN? I THOUGHT YOU HAD BEEN SENT BY THE ANCIENTS TO OBSERVE THE FESTIVAL.


Dr Who explained, to the flying man's obvious admiration, that they were travellers in space and time
BUT WHAT IS THIS FESTIVAL YOU SPEAK OF?
IT IS A GATHERING OF OUR PEOPLE WHERE EACH GROUP DEMONSTRATE NEW SKILLS THEY HAVE ACQUIRED.
AND THE ANCIENTS?
COME, I WILL TAKE YOU TO THEM. THEY WILL BE MOST INTERESTED IN YOUR STORY.
COME QUICKLY! OUR PEOPLE HAVE MANY QUESTIONS TO ASK, BUT THE OTHERS CAN ANSWER FOR ME.
THIS IS SUPER. BUT I BET THEY HAVE NO OTHER FORM OF TRANSPORT.
OUR MACHINES RUN ON A HIGHER LEVEL.
GOSH! ROADS IN THE SKY!


THIS IS WHERE THE ANCIENTS WORK.
INDEED, INTERESTING! IT'S LIKE A GIANT OBSERVATORY
YES, THE ANCIENTS STUDY THE HEAVENS. BUT, BECAUSE THEY ARE OLD, THEY SOMETIMES SEE THINGS THAT ARE NOT THERE.
Inside the observatory, the ancients greet their visitors
I, IGOR, WELCOME YOU TO THE PLANET OF LIGHT. WE HAVE WATCHED YOUR PROGRESS THROUGH THE HEAVENS, BUT WE FEARED YOU MIGHT NOT ARRIVE ON TIME.
HMM! SO WE WERE EXPECTED.
YOU WERE OUR LAST HOPE. THERE IS BARELY TIME ENOUGH BEFORE THE DARKNESS COMES.
DARKNESS···OH, YOU MEAN NIGHT.
THERE IS NO NIGHT ON THE PLANET OF LIGHT. WE HAVE THREE SUNS, WHICH NORMALLY PROVIDE PERPETUAL LIGHT AND SUNSHINE.
GORGEOUS!
WHAT DID YOU MEAN 'NORMALLY'?


LOOK THROUGH THIS WINDOW. HOW MANY SUNS DO YOU SEE?
TWO...
SOON THERE WILI BE BUT ONE. AND THEN, NOTHING!
YOU MEAN AN ECLIPSE?
AN ECLIPSE, YES! BUT ALSO THE END OF OUR WORLD.
NONSENSE, MAN! AN ECLIPSE WILL ONLY LAST A MATTER OF DAYS, A WEEK AT THE MOST.
Igor takes them to a window from which they can see all the wonders of this beautiful planet spread before them
WHEN THE SUN SHINES AGAIN THIS WILL BE A SCENE OF DEVASTATION.
BUT WHY?
IN THE DARKNESS, MEN, EVEN HIGHLY CIVILISED ONES SUCH AS WE ARE, WILL GO MAD WITH FEAR.
BUT SURELY YOU CAN SUBSTITUTE WITH ARTIFICIAL LIGHT, AS WE DO ON EARTH?
A PLANET OF ETERNAL DAY HAS NO NEED FOR ARTIFICIAL LIGHT.
AH, I SEE. I SEE...


YOU ARE RIGHT, DOCTOR. WE HAVE ADVANCED SO FAR WITHOUT DISCOVERING THE NEED FOR LIGHT, TILL NOW··· COME, LET ME SHOW YOU.
THIS IS THE HISTORY OF OUR PLANET. MANY TIMES ITS PEOPLE HAVE REACHED SUCH AN ADVANCED CIVILISATION AS WE ENJOY TODAY.
THEN, WITHOUT WARNING, OUR WHOLE CIVILISATION WOULD BE CONSUMED IN A HOLOCAUST OF FLAMES. EVERY THREE HUNDRED YEARS. OUR HISTORY TELLS THE STORY OF THE STRANGE MADNESS THAT OVERTOOK OUR PEOPLE SO THAT THEY DESTROYED THEMSELVES AND ALL THAT THEY HAD BUILT.
BUT WE NEVER KNEW THE CAUSE OF THIS MADNESS, TILL NOW···
YOU SEE, DARKNESS CAN BE A TERRIBLE THING TO THOSE WHO HAVE LIVED ALWAYS IN THE LIGHT.
BUT NOW YOU KNOW. YOU CAN WARN THE PEOPLE.
YES, THIS TIME THEY CAN BE PREPARED.


IT IS TOO LATE. THE PEOPLE WILL NOT BELIEVE US.
YOU AND THE OTHER ANCIENTS CAN COME WITH US TO SAFETY.
WE ARE TOO OLD. BUT SOME OF OUR CHILDREN LIE HIDDEN IN THE EARTH IN A DEEP SLEEP. THEY WILL SURVIVE. BUT NEXT TIME THEY MUST KNOW THE REASON AND BE PREPARED.
WHAT DO YOU WANT US TO DO?
TAKE THESE NOTES, THEY EXPLAIN EVERYTHING WE HAVE LEARNED.
SOMEDAY YOU WILL RETURN AND TEACH MY PEOPLE. BUT HURRY NOW, ALREADY THE DARKNESS COMES...
POLICE BOX
END

From the *Tardis* they watched as a wonderful civilisation died before their eyes. But Dr Who determined that this would be the last time. Somehow he would return to the planet of light!

The solar system, as we know it, consists of the sun and the heavenly bodies that revolve around it. These heavenly bodies comprise nine large planets and their moons and millions of smaller particles of rocks known as asteroids.

But our solar system is only one of countless millions. Each star that we see in the sky is a sun and probably has its own planets in orbit around it. We cannot see these other planets because they are too far away. Our solar system, the only one that we are familiar with, is about 25,000 light years from the centre of our galaxy, the Milky Way.

Mercury, smallest planet in our system, is also the fastest, taking 88 days to orbit the sun. It always has the same side towards the sun and being so close to it (36 million miles) gets 6½ times more heat than does the earth. It has no atmosphere, so is unable to support life as we know it.

Venus, between Mercury and Earth, has a diameter 200 miles short of Earth's. The atmosphere is very hot having 100 times more carbon dioxide than Earth. Its surface is thought to consist of dry, reddish soil heated to boiling-point, but it is hard to be definite because of the planet's eternal cloud layers. Like Mercury, it would be impractical to believe that there is any form of life, also like Mercury, Venus has no moon.

Earth, third planet from the sun, is among the smallest. It takes 365¼ days to circle the sun and it is unique in that it supports human life. The interior is composed of solids, liquids and gases, and it has one moon.

Mars, known as the red planet because of its reddish light, orbits the sun in 687 days and rotates on its own axis in 24 hours 37 minutes. It has a thin atmosphere and it is thought that minute forms of life could live there. The planet has two moons called Phobos and Deimos.

The Asteroid Belt consists of thousands of asteroids orbiting the sun between Mars and Jupiter. It is thought that these are the remains of a planet which disintegrated a long time ago. They are composed mainly of iron and are mostly irregular in shape.

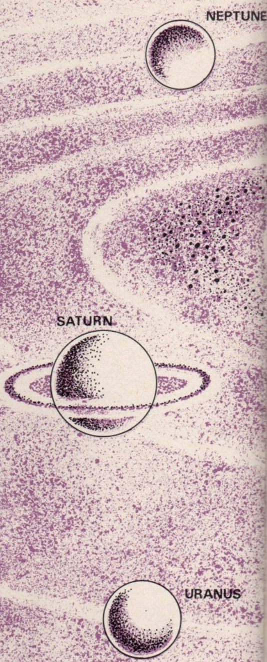
Jupiter, the largest planet, is 88,000 miles in diameter; 22,000 miles of which is rock or metal, 16,000 miles of ice, and 6,000 miles of hydrogen, methane and ammonia, therefore making life impossible. Jupiter has twelve moons, two of which are larger than Mercury.

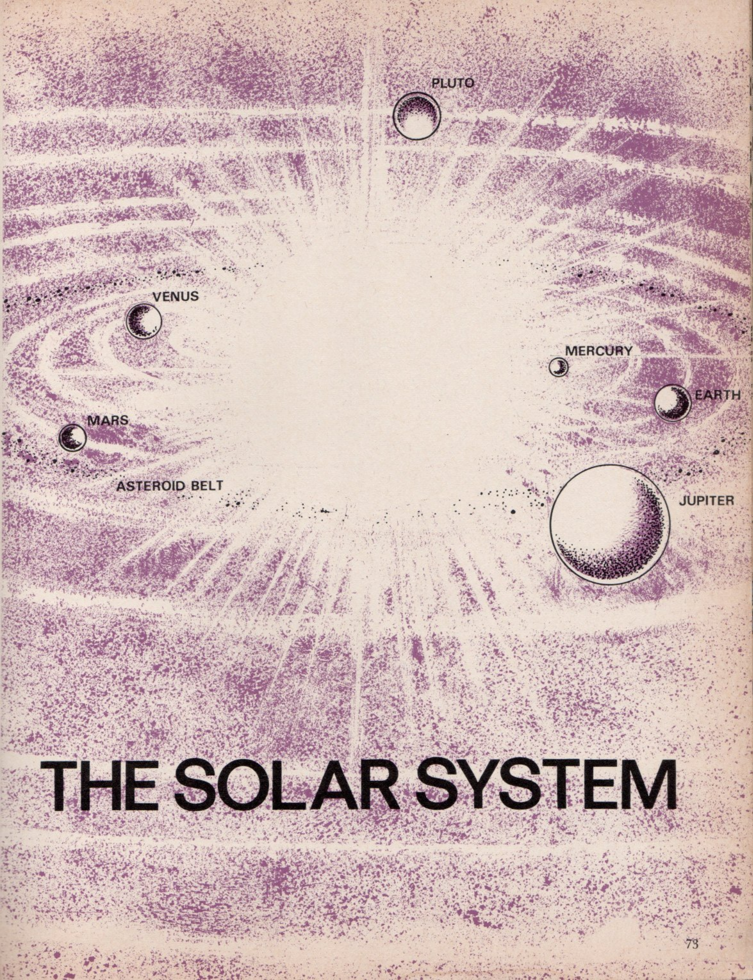
Saturn is the ringed planet. These rings are made up of cosmic debris about 10 to 20 miles thick and 40,000 miles wide, casting an immense shadow on the planet. The surface of the planet is 6,000 miles of ice topped by an atmosphere of 16,000 miles. There are nine moons, one of which, Titan, is the only moon in the system with an atmosphere.

Uranus, the seventh planet from the sun, takes 84 years to orbit the sun. Its surface temperature of 300°F below zero and its atmosphere of methane, hydrogen and ammonia make life highly improbable. Uranus is the only planet which lies almost flat on its axis.

Neptune, discovered 120 years ago, takes 165 years to orbit the sun. Its surface temperature is 300°F below zero and life could not exist there. It has two moons, one of which revolves backwards in its orbit.

Pluto, last of the planets to be discovered, takes 248 years to orbit the sun and, at times, because of its irregular orbit, is closer to the sun than Neptune.




PLUTO
VENUS
MERCURY
EARTH
MARS
ASTEROID BELT
JUPITER

THE SOLAR SYSTEM

THE LOST CONTINENT

Many people believe that the remains of a fabulous civilisation lie fathoms deep below the ocean

As the ship reached a point west of the Azores, in the Atlantic, a mysterious figure struggled on the darkened deck carrying a massive object in his arms. Staggering towards the rail he dropped his burden over the side with a loud splash.

The noise was borne to the ears of the officer on the bridge.

"Hey, what's going on down there?" he called suspiciously, directing the beam of his torch towards the man crouched by the rails. "Oh, it's you, Mr. Duncan," he added somewhat apologetically. "I thought I heard something fall overboard. . . ."

"You did," came the polite retort. "It was a foundation stone for the new Atlantis which will one day rise from the waves."

The officer stared at the brother of Isadora Duncan, the world-famous dancer who had recently died, with a certain amount of trepidation. "I see . . ." he managed to ejaculate at length.

"I don't think you do," smiled the other. "I am the president of a society which has pledged itself to rebuild Atlantis, which sank below the sea here at this point many thousands of years ago. Each member who comes this way drops a foundation stone over the side. In due course, when a sufficient number of rocks have been deposited here, a new island will emerge from the waves."

Like the Greek philosopher, Plato, he was a firm believer in the existence of the fabulous continent which was supposed to have sunk to the bottom of the sea at the time of the Flood.

According to Plato, the continent, which was extremely fertile and blessed with great deposits of mineral wealth, lay in the Atlantic west of the Azores. Its inhabitants were the most civilised and cultured people on earth. They built magnificent roads and canals; their cities were truly astonishing, containing "beautiful groves, gardens and laid out race-courses". They also found time to erect "exquisite temples and statues of gold and silver".

According to Plato, too, they had an army numbering at least a million, and a fleet consisting of twelve hundred vessels, which roamed the Seven Seas. In some primitive lands which they visited they were regarded as gods, "being tall and of noble stature, and extremely wise".

They taught the natives all manner of useful things, and there can be no doubt that Atlantis was the fountainhead of Eastern and Western civilisation. The so-called lost cities which have been discovered in jungles and on mountain tops all over the world

were certainly the work of these amazing people.

Somewhere around 12000 B.C. a large satellite approached the earth. The gravitational pull of this body was so strong that it caused vast upheavals on earth. Volcanoes erupted, earthquakes ravaged the land, followed by vast fires. Finally came the great Flood. Huge tidal waves sought to engulf the globe. It was then that Atlantis was supposed to have sunk beneath the waves.

Ancient Hindu and Chinese writings make mention of the satellite. It is described as a fiery dragon with horns in the sky. Native folklore also abounds with similar tales of a huge flaming object which descended from heaven and threatened to destroy the earth.

According to the late Hans Hoerbiger, the Austrian scientist, the satellite eventually cooled down and thus the Moon came into existence.

Other scientists who have made a study of the Atlantic seabed have produced conclusive proof of underwater mountain ranges which tend to prove that when the earth first came into being, America and Africa were joined together. Vast stretches of land were submerged when the oceans came into being. The distribution of animal and plant life proves that certain islands and continents now separated by water were at one time continuous. The surveys previously referred to have also established the fact that the great ridges and elevations on the seabed were at one time projected above the waves, and it is thought that Madeira, the Canary Islands and the Azores may well have been part of the lost continent of Atlantis.

A similar view was held by Ignatius Donnelly, a famous American antiquarian. In his opinion the rulers of Atlantis dwelt in the mountains. The people were made up of white and red races who knew all about gunpowder, magnets and so forth as far back as 13000 B.C. It was these people, Donnelly was convinced, who evolved the first calendar and originated the art of writing.

Not all the Atlanteans perished when the continent vanished beneath the waves. Many of their trading vessels were at sea at the time. When they found, on their return, that Atlantis no longer existed they made for South America, Africa and other far-flung countries. The native folklore of these places records tales of wonderful people who emerged from the sea like gods bearing wondrous gifts, and being blessed with the power to heal and to perform miracles.

From time to time expeditions have been formed to seek out the lost continent, but in view of the fact that they had no means of exploring the ocean bed properly—a submarine capable of submerging to a depth of 20,000 feet or more being required for that purpose—they were doomed to fail right from the start.

More recently Egerton Sykes, a former Under-Secretary of the British Embassy at Warsaw, formed the Atlantis Research Centre with the object of raising sufficient funds to organise yet another expedition. When enough money is available Mr. Sykes will purchase a boat fitted out with the latest underwater equipment.

A photographer who specialises in submarine operations has volunteered to join the expedition. Mr. Sykes hopes, by lowering submarine cameras, to get pictures of ruined buildings and other relics of the vanished civilisation. He bases his beliefs partly on the fact that two grotesque stone statues were brought up from the Atlantic near the Canary Islands on the broken end of a fisherman's dredge.

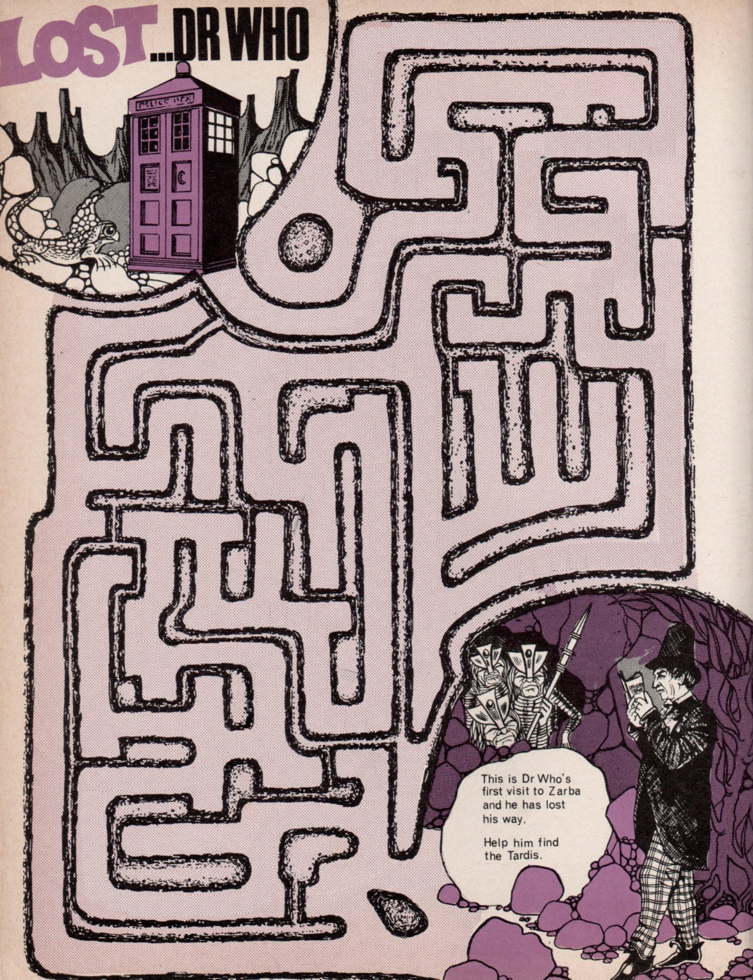
Books, pamphlets and maps produced by five thousand writers since the earliest recorded days of Oriental and Greek literature strengthen his convictions; also the fact that two war-time pilots, one British and the other American, claim that between Dakar and Natal—the area of the submerged Atlantic ridge—they saw beneath the ocean the remnants of a town.

The spectacle only lasted a few seconds while the sun was at an angle of 90 degrees to the sides of the submerged hills where the buildings were reported to exist.

But for many people, all over the world, it added fresh impetus to their determination to establish once and for all the existence of the lost continent of Atlantis.

OF ATLANTIS

LOST...DR WHO



This is Dr Who's first visit to Zarba and he has lost his way.

Help him find the Tardis.

TIME AND TIME AGAIN

The calendar we use and on which we mark birthdays and holidays is, in fact, a very complicated system of reckoning time and took many centuries to evolve in its present form.

What our calendar really does is to relate the day to the solar year and the lunar month. But this reckoning is complicated by the fact that the year is not exactly divisible into months and days, so that odd days and months have to be added periodically in order to preserve a correct relationship between date and season.

Calendars developed in ancient Egypt had a year of twelve 30-day months and five extra days, six every fourth year. The start of the Nile floods marked the start of their year, and so that it might not be delayed they cast food on the waters as an offering to the god Hapi.

The Julian calendar, which is the basis of the calendar now generally used, was devised by Julius Caesar in 45 B.C. Caesar based his calendar on 365-day years and 'leap' years, but he gave arbitrary lengths to the months so that by the sixteenth century the Julian calendar was ten days out of step with the seasons. This lapse seems much less serious when one considers that previously the Romans had worked to a calendar which had such a time lag between the seasons that every now and then the emperor had to even things up by adding another month to that particular year.

In 1582 it was decided to reform the Julian calendar. Pope Gregory XIII introduced the Gregorian calendar, which decreed that century years, though divisible by four, should not be leap years, thus three days are dropped every four hundred years. To make up for the lost ten days of Julius Caesar, Gregory decreed that Thursday, October 4, 1582, should be immediately followed by Friday, October 15.

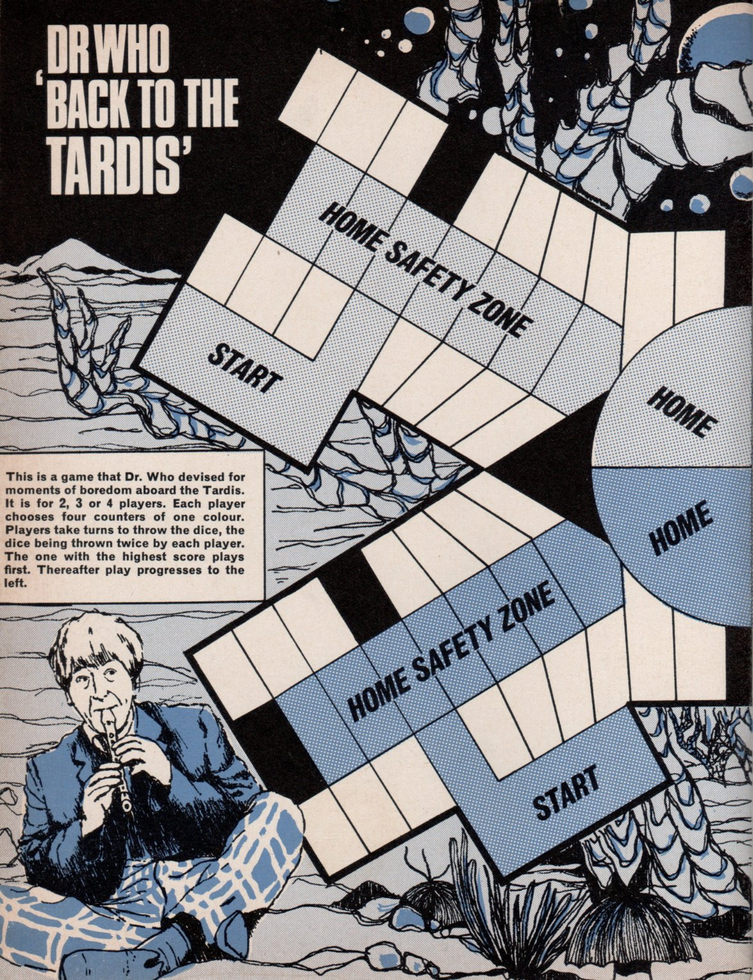
Despite these improvements, however, the Gregorian year is still twenty-six seconds per year too long. This means that an additional day will have to be dropped every 3,333 years.

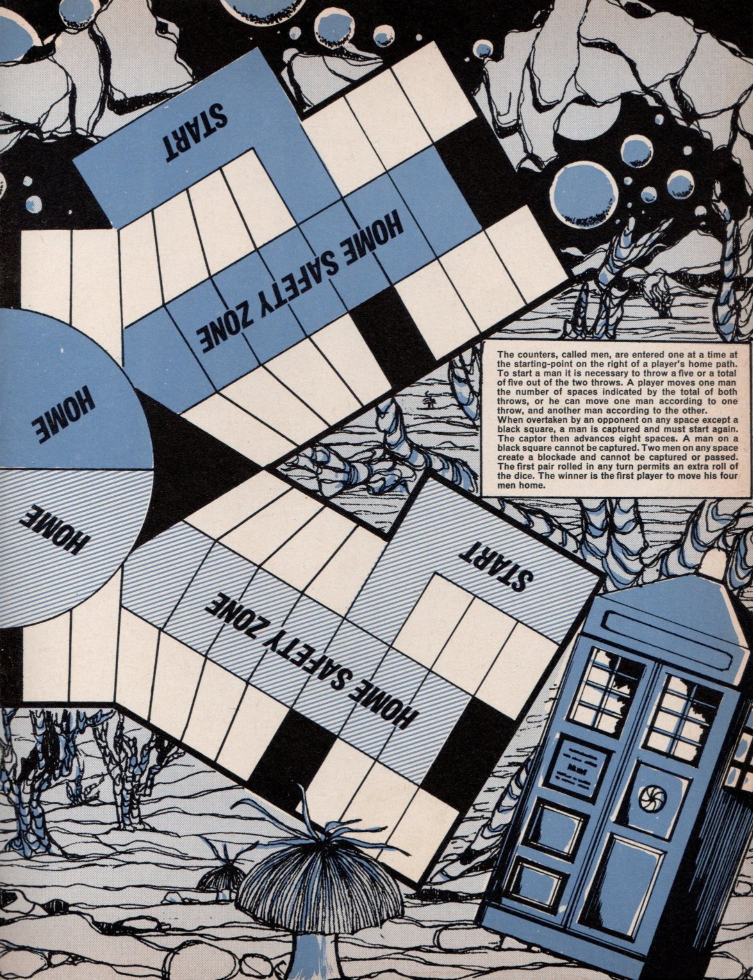
But the Gregorian calendar is not the only one in existence today. There is the Jewish calendar, which has 12 months of 29 and 30 days alternately, making 364 days, and adds a 13th month every third year. The Muslim calendar is similar, but without the extra month; it thus bears no relationship to the seasons and has about thirty-four years to our thirty-three.

Many modern schemes for calendar reform have been propounded. The reform most widely advocated would ensure that a given date always fell on the same day of the week, and that every month had the same number of working days. This would be achieved by dividing the year into quarters made up of one 31-day month and two 30-day months: 364 days; the 365th day would follow the 12th month as an extra holiday, and every fourth year would have a 'leap year' holiday at the end of the second quarter.

DR WHO 'BACK TO THE TARDIS'

This is a game that Dr. Who devised for moments of boredom aboard the Tardis. It is for 2, 3 or 4 players. Each player chooses four counters of one colour. Players take turns to throw the dice, the dice being thrown twice by each player. The one with the highest score plays first. Thereafter play progresses to the left.


HOME SAFETY ZONE
START
HOME
HOME
HOME SAFETY ZONE
START



The counters, called men, are entered one at a time at the starting-point on the right of a player's home path. To start a man it is necessary to throw a five or a total of five out of the two throws. A player moves one man the number of spaces indicated by the total of both throws, or he can move one man according to one throw, and another man according to the other.

When overtaken by an opponent on any space except a black square, a man is captured and must start again. The captor then advances eight spaces. A man on a black square cannot be captured. Two men on any space create a blockade and cannot be captured or passed. The first pair rolled in any turn permits an extra roll of the dice. The winner is the first player to move his four men home.

STAR FACTS

Aristarchus (310–250 B.C.) was the first astronomer to state that the sun was the centre around which the Earth revolves. He also stated that the Earth spins on its own axis.

Ptolemy (about A.D. 200) believed the Earth was the centre of the universe and that the sun, moon and planets travelled around it.

William Herschel built in his own workshop telescopes that were the most powerful then known in the world. On 13 March 1781, Herschel was observing a group of stars in the Gemini constellation when he noticed that one of them was slightly larger than the others and glowed with a greenish light. He had just discovered the seventh planet of our solar system, Uranus.

Copernicus (1473–1543) was convinced that Ptolemy was wrong and he proved that the ancient astronomers, such as Aristarchus, were correct. He is known as the father of astronomy.

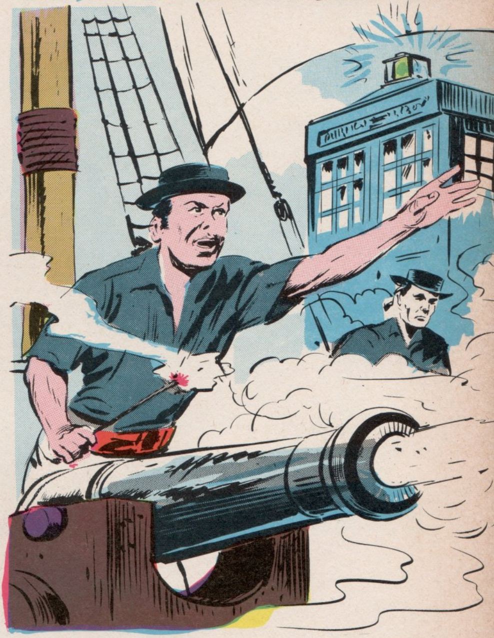
Galileo (1564–1641) constructed the first telescope in 1609 and made many new discoveries with this instrument.

Kepler (1571–1630) discovered that the orbit of each planet is an ellipse, not a circle, as Copernicus thought. He also discovered the laws of planetary motion.

Newton (1642–1727) showed how the laws of gravitation affected the movement of the planets. He also proved that the white light of the sun could be broken into separate colours with a prism.

On 21 January 1930, C. W. Tombaugh discovered the outermost planet of our system. It was called Pluto, after the Roman god who reigned over the underworld. The name is appropriate for a planet which orbits in total darkness at an average distance of about 3,670 million miles from the sun.

H.M.S. TARDIS



DR. WHO grinned sardonically as he looked at the main vision-screen.

"At least we know that, this time, we are back on Earth," he told Polly and Ben with a twist of his lips. "Wherever you find men of Earth, you find them fighting. We have landed, my children, on Earth, in the middle of one of her more frightful little wars."

"I feel as though I'm going to be sick," moaned Polly.

"Sea-sick!" cried Ben. "We're at sea, Doctor! Look, the old *Tardis* is pitching and rolling as though we were in the middle of a storm at sea."

They could hear the booming of gunfire, and across the vision-screen rolled great clouds of smoke. Every now and then a great stretch of canvas appeared reeling from side to side. Figures of men were dashing across the view and *Tardis* was, as Ben had said, swaying madly from side to side.

"Well," grinned the doctor. "It would seem that our arrival is most ill-timed. Were it not that *Tardis* is indestructible we might be blown to pieces by what look like very primitive naval guns—cannon-balls probably—so I think we will just get calmly away from here right now, and retreat through inter-space, to some*where* else and some*when* else. Eh, you two?"

"No! No!" came in a howl from Ben. "Look, Doctor, I'm a seaman and I haven't seen the sea for ever so long. This might be some glorious battle in English history. It might be the Spanish Armada, or Drake fighting the Spaniards on the Spanish Main, or Morgan the Pirate, or . . . or. . . ."

"Or . . . or . . ." mimicked the doctor. "You are an incurable romantic, my boy, aren't you? You want to stay and see the circus, eh? Well, on you own head be it. How about you, Polly?"

"If I could only be sea-sick just once," groaned Polly, "I'd feel heaps better. But, really, I *would* like to see where we are and what's going on. It's been such a long time since we were on Earth, you know."

"Have it your own way," said Dr. Who gaily, and he moved to the control board and tripped the switches that would open the door.

He walked a little unsteadily himself but, after a long lifetime of voyaging in his *Tardis*, he was not likely to suffer from sea-sickness. The great door opened and a cloud of acrid gunsmoke drifted in. They all began coughing and barking and the doctor, holding on to a wall, made his way round and stepped out.

"It's a ship-of-the-line," cried Ben. "Look at the great spread of canvas! Golly, it's a battle, a great sea-battle. And look, over there, there's more of 'em, there's dozens of them. I can't see much for the smoke but, golly, there must be dozens of them, ships-of-the-line, frigates, the lot. Hope we haven't landed on a pirate ship or a Spanish privateer."

A burly, bare-footed seaman thrust

a gun towards them and, shading his eyes from the smoke, bellowed out words which they couldn't recognise.

A carronade rolled backwards and almost took their feet off as a great broadside of cannon-balls belched out from the side of the ship. They all staggered back and the stout seaman vanished. But they hadn't seen the last of him, for he came at them again through the smoke and when he spoke again they could tell what he was saying.

Dr. Who shrewdly thought that his previous remarks had been not so much words but imprecations, unknown in modern times. Just what period had they materialised in?

"Frenchy spies, lads," roared the man. "Hey, you, Dickon, and you, Tom, come and get 'em. Hold 'em fast. They've come to blow up the ship, maybe. Just take a look at 'em, French rascals if ever I did see. Cap'n'll have this little lot hanging from yardarm as soon as the action's over."

"My good man," shouted Dr. Who, above the racket and the roar of the cannon. "We are not French. These companions of mine are as English as you would appear to be. Can you tell us where we are and what year this is?"

"Hey?" gaped the man. "Loonies, too, by the sound. I haven't got time to bandy words with you folks. Here, Dickon and Tom, tie 'em up to the mast. We'll deal with them later, after we've dealt with their pals, the Frenchies and Spaniards."

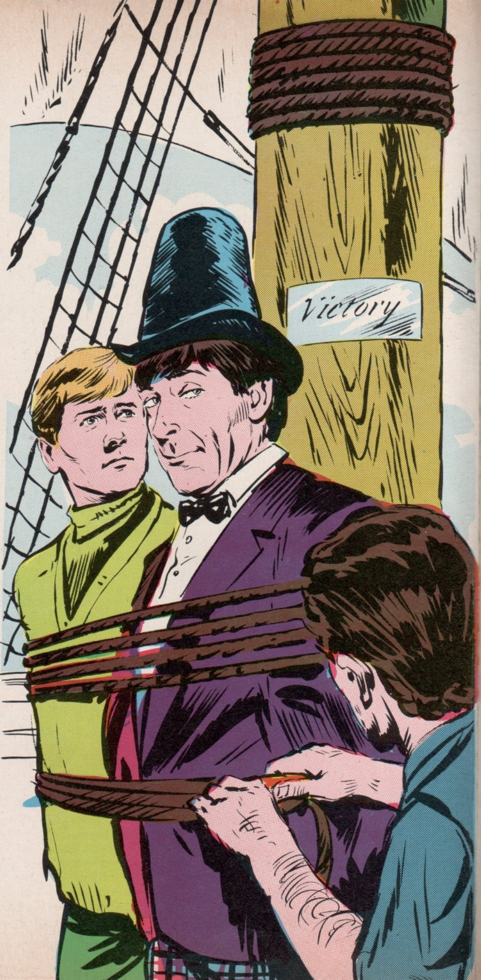
The two seamen grabbed them roughly and tied them round a broad mast with evil-smelling tarred ropes. The men had tarred pigtails and Ben's eyes bulged out of his head when he craned his neck and looked at a brass plate set in the mast.

"Dr. Who," he croaked. "Will you look at this?"

The doctor peered round and, although the plate was scarred and scratched, he made out one word, *Victory*. He gave a crooked grin. "This rather sets the period," he said, "at least to some extent. But where——"

"Oh, dear," groaned Polly. "Stop the ship; I want to get off."

"Bear up, child," said the doctor



testily. "We are at a most critical stage just now. We must find out—Hey, you," and he kicked out at a passing sailor. His toe caught the man's bare foot and a volley of strange oaths came to their ears. But, as the man was carrying a basket of cannon-balls, there wasn't actually anything he could do about it. Another figure now loomed up through the smoke and stared into their faces.

"You three are the spies the quartermaster reported, hey?" said this individual, evidently an officer by the gold lace on his blue uniform.

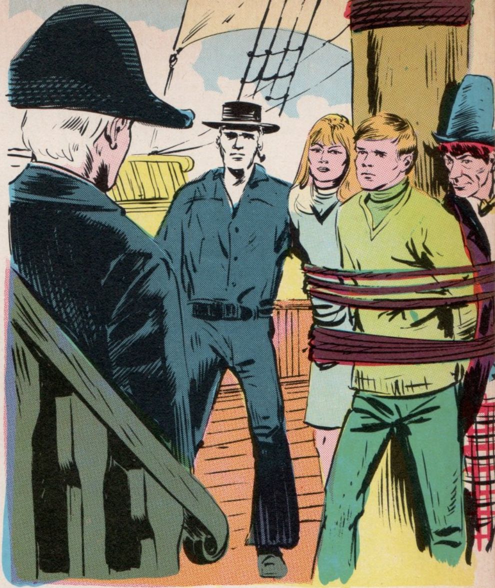
"We aren't spies, sir," said the doctor earnestly. "These friends of mine are good British folk, like you, sir. You'll be engaged in fighting Boney, I suppose?"

"Boney?" repeated the officer. "And who, my good man, is Boney? We are on the quarter-deck now, not in the fo'c'sle. We are engaged in a sea-battle with the forces of Napoleon Bonaparte, Emperor of the French, and we are all determined that he shan't be the Emperor of the French for much longer. Now, sir, what in thunder are you doing on the flagship of the most illustrious Lord Nelson, Commander-in-Chief of all the English forces at sea? Answer me that, you insolent rogues, if you can."

"Lord Nelson," repeated Ben, almost fainting. "Oh, sir, take us to him at once. Please, sir, please, let us see the Admiral."

"Pah, you make me sick," returned the officer, and Polly almost heaved at his words. "You hang as soon as someone can find the time to attend to it. Meanwhile, I have my duties to look to." He whipped a telescope from under his arm and leaped up into the shrouds, peering through it. He began to bawl orders and men came running, bare-footed jack-tars with tarred pigtails and fearsome cutlasses between their teeth. The great vessel was heeling over into the wind and all the other ships were doing likewise.

Dr. Who, now keenly interested, followed it all with rapt attention. There was a manœuvre going on and he felt that it might be of the utmost importance for him to know just what stage of the operation had been reached. The other lines of men-o-war were still a good distance away, although the distance was rapidly lessening. Shots were landing in the sea very close now to the wooden walls.



One lucky ball fell to the deck not ten feet from where they were and it rolled close to Ben's feet. Unwarily he touched it and then drew his foot back with a howl. It felt red-hot.

A figure loomed up through the smoke and peered at the three of them.

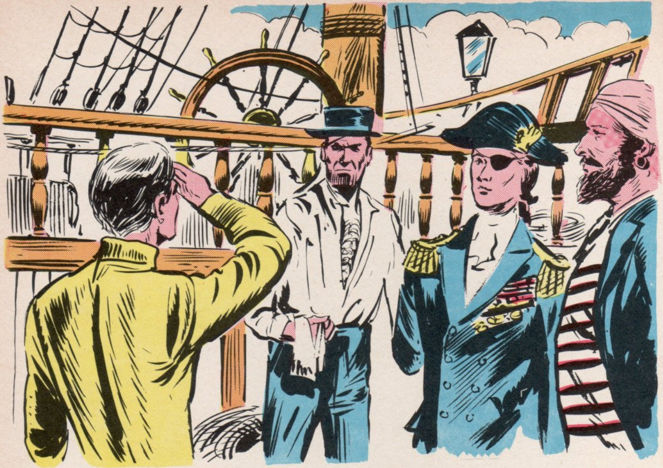
"These the spies, Hardy?" said a quiet voice, which yet could be heard above the roar of the cannon and the thrashing of the canvas and the shrouds. "They don't look French or Spanish to me. And one of them's a wench. Who are they and how do they come to be on *my* ship?"

"We'll find out later on, My Lord Admiral," said the officer beside him. He chuckled. "Begging your pardon, m'lud, we haven't got much time now."

"You're right there, Hardy," was the reply. "But it could be important."

Ben's eyes bulged out of his head as he looked at the legendary figure who could be none other than the hero of every Englishman and, in particular of every seaman. The eye-patch, the folded sleeve pinned to the ornate tunic, the rows of medals—it could be none other. Ben almost choked.

"My lord," said Dr. Who with dignity. "We have arrived here purely by chance. But, now that we are here, we would like to help. We are not spies, we are not French or



Spanish. We are quite unarmed and we bring you promises of great help."

"All good men and true need help at times," laughed Nelson. "But how can you three help me? We are at the most crucial moment in the engagement. My strategy is laid down to all my captains."

"My lord," muttered Captain Hardy. "Pay no attention to these rascals. I'll have them hanged at a convenient moment. I beg of you to get into some shelter. We are rapidly approaching the enemy."

"Nonsense, Hardy," laughed the Admiral. "I will take the same risks as all my fellow-men in this battle. I will not skulk in shelter. This man interests me strangely, Hardy. You, sirrah, who are you?"

Dr. Who gulped. "I am an astrologer, my lord," he babbled. "I have cast your horoscope and I can tell you that victory and long life will be yours *if*, I repeat, if, you do as I recommend."

"You see, my lord," muttered Nelson's flag-captain. "The scoundrel is raving. That you, the most famous sea-captain of all time, should take advice from this lunatic——"

"Hold, Hardy," smiled Lord Nelson. "I will hear him out. Tell me when we are within range of the enemy. Meanwhile I will hear what he has to say. This day every man may be useful to our cause. England expects that every man this day will do his duty."

"That's it!" cried Ben. "Admiral, run that signal up on the flags. That'll give the lads heart. I'm a seaman and I know."

"A seaman, hey," said Nelson. "Out of which port, my man?"

"Out of Portsmouth, sir," said Ben. "We call it Pompey now, though."

Nelson peered at him and called a junior officer. "Cut these three loose at once," he ordered and he threw off Hardy's protesting hand. He was still looking at Ben and thinking of his strange words.

"Stand to attention, man," barked Hardy. "Don't you know who this is?"

Ben snapped to attention, his hand at the salute.

Both senior officers looked at him strangely. Ben dropped his hand, wracking his brains to remember, if he had ever known, what was the customary salute in Nelson's day.

"You say you're a seaman, my good fellow," said Nelson. "Why aren't you at sea? What was your last ship? I tell you, if you are a deserter, you *shall* hang and I will pull the rope with my own hand. We are engaged in a life-and-death struggle with the French madman and every man is needed."

"Sir, my Lord Admiral," gulped Ben and Hardy cut him short.

"Address yourself to me, my man," he barked sternly. "You have not been given permission to speak to the Commander-in-Chief."

"Let him speak, Captain Hardy," said the Admiral with a smile. "He seems a good enough lad and we have need of every man. Now, answer my questions."

"Well, sir," said Ben, gritting his teeth. He'd heard of the punishments at sea in Nelson's time, of the hangings at the yardarm, of the flogging through the fleet. Mentally he cursed Dr. Who for getting them all into such a frightful predicament. "Well, sir, you see it's like this. I *am* at sea, sir. I'm a member of the complement of the good ship *Tardis*, out of—well, sir, I don't rightly remember our port. I was with the old *Indefatigable* before that."

"Ah, yes, the dear old *Indefatigable*," said Nelson. "Lost at the Nile. But your present ship, the *Tardis*, you say. Can't remember a ship of that name. Was she a ship-of-the-line, or a frigate, or a sloop-of-war? Hardy, can you remember a ship named *Tardis* in the Naval Register?"

"No, sir," was the grim reply from the flag-captain. "I'll swear there isn't any such ship in the fleet. *Tardis*, eh, *Tardis*. That quartermaster was right, these animals are spies, French or Spanish. The word 'tardis' could be a corruption of the word for 'late' in both languages, and My Lords of the Board of Admiralty would never name a British ship as 'late'."

"Cape Trafalgar on the port bow, Captain," sang out an officer, up in the shrouds with a glass to his eyes. "Enemy bearing in two straight lines from port to starboard, right across out bows."

"Ha," laughed Nelson. "Just where I want 'em. Well, you people will have to wait. I've England's work to do now."

"Sir, sir," pleaded Ben. "Lord Admiral, that signal."

Hardy tried to push him to one side angrily but Ben held his ground.

"That signal. You said 'England expects that every man this day will do his duty'."

"Aye," grinned Nelson. "A goodly thought indeed. Hardy, pass the word through the fleet. See that Admiral Collingwood flies the signal in his fleet as well. Our boys don't need much heartening, please God. But it'll do 'em good. We'll have those Frenchies reeling before nightfall."

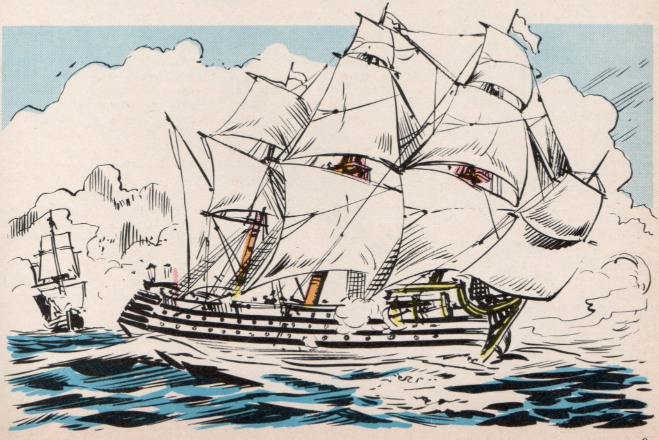
Dr. Who was thinking very hard. He looked up at the sun, shining through the rolling clouds of gunsmoke. The noise was frightful. Every ship in sight was firing off broadsides and each time a broadside hurtled from the *Victory*, the carronades, rolling back in their rails, thundered monstrously and deafeningly. He took no notice of Polly, who had achieved her ambition at last and had been sea-sick over the side. Now, pale and straight she stared round her excitedly.

"Doctor," she muttered into his ear above the racket. "This is the Battle of Trafalgar, I'm sure of it. I remember it from school. October twenty-first, 1805. You remember, surely, don't you, Doctor?"

"I do, my dear child," replied Dr. Who. "And I remember all that happened—perhaps I should say, *will* happen—on that day. You know, Polly, history is filled with moments when affairs hung in the balance. The slightest alteration in what actually *did* happen to what *might* have happened, could alter the whole of history. I'm going to try and alter history, Polly."

"Pooh," she scoffed. "I'd like to see you try."

But there was a ring of doubt in her voice. Since she had become a member of the crew of the *Tardis*,



she had seen so many wonders and so many impossibilities that there were times when she did really think Dr. Who was a magician.

"Come with me, my astrologer," laughed the Lord Admiral gaily. "I have never yet gone into battle with a warlock, but you take my fancy. You do appear to be dressed like a warlock, I must swear to it. Now, sirrah, Sir Astrologer, I am going to put you to the test."

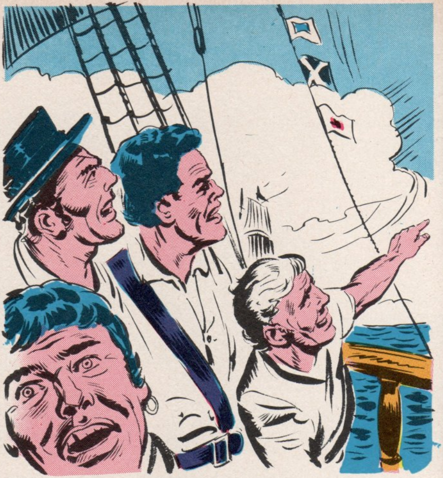
"Lord Admiral," muttered Captain Hardy. "Take no notice of these ragamuffins. They are up to some mischief. Let me dispatch them here and now. Can you risk the outcome of this engagement in any way like this?"

"You forget that *I am* the Lord Admiral, Captain Hardy," said Nelson, with a touch of ice in his voice. "Now, sir," and he turned to Dr. Who. "I have laid down my plan of strategy to all my captains and to Admiral Lord Collingwood in *Royal Sovereign*. The die is cast. It is too late to alter it by one jot or tittle. Now, Master Astrologer, prophesy to me what is going to happen."

"Why, my lord," smiled the doctor, "nothing is more simple. Each of your ships-of-the-line will, at a given time, turn to starboard and each ship will sail at her fastest clip between two of the enemies' vessels. Port and starboard broadsides will fire as your ships penetrate their lines. You, my Lord Admiral, will be the victor of the most glorious victory of your whole illustrious career. You will take as prizes twenty ships of the enemy fleets, two-thirds of their total strength. The victory will be the crown of your career, my lord, and it will go down in history as——" He stopped and a shadow passed over his face as he watched that gay face in front of him.

Nelson turned slowly to Hardy. "This man is surely a wizard, Hardy."

"No, sir, no," shouted Hardy violently. "It is added proof that he is a spy. He knows everything. The enemy will now know everything we intend to do; Villeneuve will be laughing up his sleeve as our ships wheel and go under their full fire-power. I'll call the master-at-arms, sir, we'll heave the three of them over the side."



"No, Hardy, no," said Lord Nelson emphatically. "If these three are spies and if Villeneuve knows my plans of strategy, then that means, Hardy, that there are British men in *my* fleet, and aboard *your* flagship, Hardy, who have sold themselves to the French. That I will *never* believe."

He peered curiously into the doctor's face.

An officer saluted and spoke to Hardy. The flag-captain touched the Admiral on the arm. "Shortening tops'ls now, sir. Otherwise, full canvas. We need you on the quarter-deck, sir, to show yourself to the men."

"You fool, man," raged Dr. Who, and Captain Hardy reeled back from the vigour of his words. His face darkened and his hand went to his sword. Then his lips curled and he bawled for men to come to him. "This creature must be dealt with here and now."

But Nelson was still staring into Dr. Who's face.

Then, from every throat in the fleet, came a thunderous roaring cheer as the signal broke out from the topmasts of every ship in the combined fleets of Nelson and Collingwood.

Ben looked proudly at the rows of flags. "Polly," he breathed, "just wait until I get back and tell the lads at Pompey all about this."

"I should have thought you'd want to stay and sign on," said Polly with a laugh, and Ben looked wonderingly at her.

"By golly, that's a brain-wave," he said. "I'll do it. I'll sign on in the *Victory*. Imagine it. Serving under Nelson."

"There'll be no Lord Nelson after today, Ben," she said sorrowfully and his face fell. He furrowed his brows and then he uttered a groan. She leaned over and whispered into his ear: "The doctor says he's going to try and alter what happened. I think he's going to try and ensure that Nelson *doesn't* get killed."

"But . . . but . . . but . . . that's impossible," gasped Ben. "I mean, it really did happen—it actually happened, didn't it?"

"Then how do we come to be here?" asked Polly mischievously. The whys and the wherefores of the mysterious *Tardis* and her voyages always seemed to mystify poor Ben beyond endurance. She looked towards the doctor.

"You must go below, sir," said the doctor earnestly. "I beg and entreat you to go below. I have special knowledge. I must warn you——"

"Ah," Nelson laughed. "Here it comes, Hardy, the usual claptrap. The warning. Well, sirrah, I heed no warnings. My lads must see my blue and white, my cocked hat and my medals, my eye-patch and my empty sleeve. They will cheer themselves hoarse and they will blow those Frenchies out of the water to kingdom come. Come, Hardy, we will go up. You, Sir Astrologer, will stay with me. You shall guide my strategy."

"Aye, aye, sir," chuckled Dr. Who and, despite Captain Hardy's frowning face, he went up the companionway after the two officers.

A cheer like nothing on earth went up as the slight figure of the Lord Admiral appeared. From ship to ship, it cracked and volleyed and the ships seemed to leap on.

"Since you will not heed my warning, my lord," said the doctor, "I beg of you to make one small slight change in your plans. Now, as I see it, this ship, your flagship *Victory*, will sail between *Bucentaure*, the flagship of Villeneuve, the French commander and the *Redoubtable*. One small favour I ask, Admiral. I do realise that your own ship must engage the ship of the enemy commander. But do not sail between *Bucentaure* and *Redoubtable*. Instead, sail between *Bucentaure* and the ship on the port beam of Villeneuve's flagship. If you do that, sir, I can guarantee you many years of useful and glorious life."

Now Nelson did look with wondering eyes at the doctor. "This is indeed uncanny, Hardy," he said. "This man reads my mind. No man, not even you, Hardy, knows as much of my plans. But it cannot be. If this man is speaking with the tongues of angels, it is too late. All my captains have their exact orders. It is too late to alter one detail. Besides, my good Master Astrologer, you may be a good magician, but I am the better sailor. Between *Bucentaure* and *Redoubtable* I must sail. Hardy, pass the word, if you please."

"It's no use, Doctor," muttered Ben by his side. "You can't beat Fate. He has to die; history demands it. I mean to say, if he doesn't die today, what becomes of all the history after October twenty-first, 1805. With him still alive, who knows how the war will go?"

Dr. Who gritted his teeth. "I'm not giving up yet. It's your turn now, Ben. See that musket. Get hold of it. Now, look over there, through the smoke. That big ship-of-the-line with the French flag. That's the ship next to the French flagship; it's the *Redoubtable*. You have young and keen eyes. Search the foretops as we shorten sail and drive in between. You'll see a French tar with a musket. Get him, Ben, get him for the good of England. We'll defy Fate, Ben. We'll change history."

Ben knelt down and rested the musket against his shoulder. He saw the man in the foretop shrouds of the *Redoubtable* and he fumbled with the mechanism of the unfamiliar weapon.

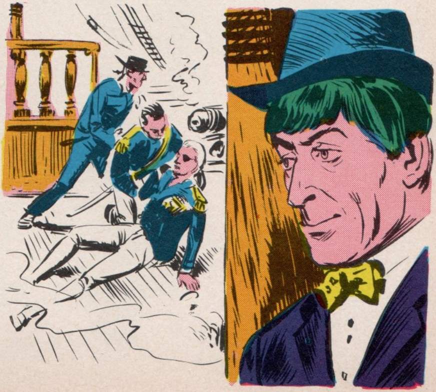
Hardy looked round and saw him. His voice roared out in a volley of imprecations and orders. "Assassins on board! Killing the Lord Admiral! Tear them to pieces, lads."

The musket was knocked from Ben's hands and he and the doctor and Polly were seized.

The great ship sailed on, now both port and starboard batteries belching out destruction on the enemy ships which reeled before the onslaught. All eyes were on the engagement, and the jack-tars holding them were too excited to care.

The three slipped away and regained the *Tardis* where it rested against the mainmast. From inside, through the vision-screen, they saw the final tragedy. They saw the slight figure of the Lord Admiral reel and fall into the arms of his flag-captain. They heard a gigantic groan go up from the decks of *Victory*.

"Fate is not to be defied, my children," said Dr. Who mournfully. "I had a feeling all through that it couldn't be that easy. But . . . well . . . one has to try, hasn't one? Well, children, where shall we go to now?"



ALL SET FOR TAKE OFF?

How do you rate on space knowledge? We've listed three possible answers for each question, but only one is correct. Score 10 points for each correct answer.

If you score full marks you are certainly *au fait* with your space facts; scores of 80 to 90 are very good, but below forty indicates that you are really earth-bound.

1 A comet is a:
(*a*) gaseous meteor,
(*b*) a curved line,
(*c*) deep sleep.

2 A planetoid is a:
(*a*) city on Mars,
(*b*) asteroid,
(*c*) large planet.

3 A telescope is a:
(*a*) optical instrument,
(*b*) folding glass,
(*c*) top of a submarine.

4 A shooting star is a:
(*a*) jet plane,
(*b*) movie actor,
(*c*) falling meteor.

5 A V2 is a:
(*a*) vitamin,
(*b*) rocket,
(*c*) moon.

6 A launching site is a:
(*a*) place to eat,
(*b*) where rocket is built,
(*c*) take-off area.

7 A solar system is a:
(*a*) sun and its planets,
(*b*) method of adding,
(*c*) city on Saturn.

8 A guided missile is a:
(*a*) blind lady,
(*b*) radio-controlled vehicle,
(*c*) rocket radio.

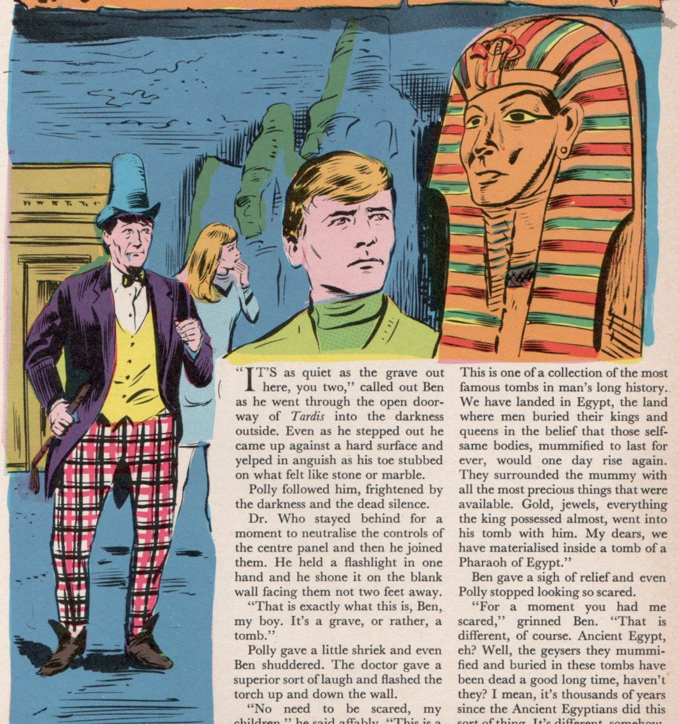
9 Orbital velocity is:
(*a*) speed of light,
(*b*) speed earth rotates,
(*c*) speed of sound.

10 A satellite is a:
(*a*) large light,
(*b*) light on Saturn,
(*c*) moon.

Answers

1 (a) 2 (b) 3 (a) 4 (c) 5 (b) 6 (c)
7 (a) 8 (b) 9 (b) 10 (c)

The King of GOLDEN DEATH



"IT'S as quiet as the grave out here, you two," called out Ben as he went through the open doorway of *Tardis* into the darkness outside. Even as he stepped out he came up against a hard surface and yelped in anguish as his toe stubbed on what felt like stone or marble.

Polly followed him, frightened by the darkness and the dead silence.

Dr. Who stayed behind for a moment to neutralise the controls of the centre panel and then he joined them. He held a flashlight in one hand and he shone it on the blank wall facing them not two feet away.

"That is exactly what this is, Ben, my boy. It's a grave, or rather, a tomb."

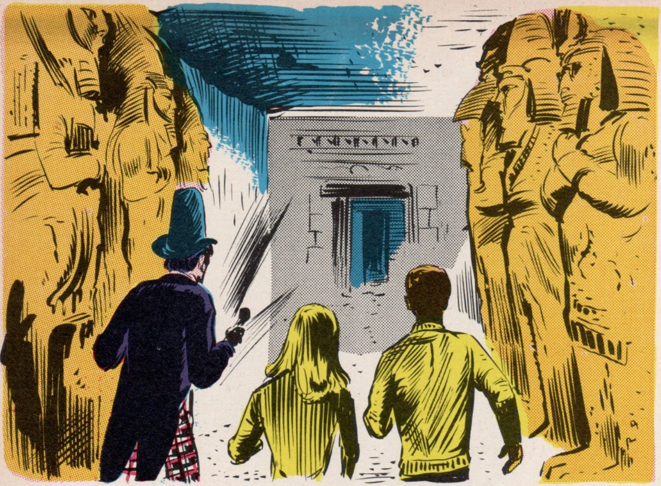
Polly gave a little shriek and even Ben shuddered. The doctor gave a superior sort of laugh and flashed the torch up and down the wall.

"No need to be scared, my children," he said affably. "This is a tomb, right enough, but you mustn't think of ordinary graves in here. This is one of a collection of the most famous tombs in man's long history. We have landed in Egypt, the land where men buried their kings and queens in the belief that those self-same bodies, mummified to last for ever, would one day rise again. They surrounded the mummy with all the most precious things that were available. Gold, jewels, everything the king possessed almost, went into his tomb with him. My dears, we have materialised inside a tomb of a Pharaoh of Egypt."

Ben gave a sigh of relief and even Polly stopped looking so scared.

"For a moment you had me scared," grinned Ben. "That is different, of course. Ancient Egypt, eh? Well, the geysers they mummified and buried in these tombs have been dead a good long time, haven't they? I mean, it's thousands of years since the Ancient Egyptians did this sort of thing. It's different, somehow, to a body newly buried."

"The corpse in this tomb," said



Dr. Who solemnly, "*has* been newly laid away, you can take that from me. We've landed in Ancient Egypt, in the *time* of the Ancient Egyptians; maybe three, four, five, thousand years from the time in which you two *will* be born."

Ben and Polly stared at him open-mouthed, thinking over the peculiar meaning of his last words.

Ben recovered first. "Here, none of that, doctor: You can't tell what period this is now. We know that. You never can tell the period we are in when *Tardis* materialises, as you call it."

"This time I can," grinned the doctor impishly. "This time I know. I have evidence. This tomb is intact; it has not been broken into. In all the long history of the Ancient Egyptians, practically every tomb that has been discovered has been ransacked by tomb-robbers, desecrated and robbed of all its treasures. One notable exception was the tomb of the boy King, Tut-Ankh-Amen. Now wouldn't it be most strange if we discover that lost tomb, three thousand years before Howard Carter found it, in 1923."

"You lost me there, doctor," objected Ben. "But how can you tell, anyway, that this tomb hasn't been opened and robbed, as you say they all were? We've only seen this one wall, so far."

"You're right, my boy," said Dr. Who energetically. "But that we can soon remedy. We shall explore this tomb, my children, and find out more about it. Dear, dear me, if only I had made a study of Egyptian hieroglyphics. Just look at those glorious paintings along there. Look at the colours, fresh now from the brush of the artist, and destined to be as fresh and glowing three thousand years from now. If I could read these pictographs, I could tell which Pharaoh was laid to rest here. But never mind, no man can know everything, can he? Keep close to me and don't stray. These places were constructed in a very peculiar way. There are all sorts of false passages and blind alleys, to deceive the robbers who might enter. Some of the false passages have been known to empty into deep pits, with sharp stakes sticking up."

"Who'd be a tomb-robber?" quipped Ben, but Polly only shuddered.

She had not spoken a word yet. A grave, she kept repeating to herself, I'm *inside* a grave!

"It might even be the inside of a pyramid," went on Dr. Who, moving cautiously along the wall, his torch flashing ahead. "The air is remarkably fresh. Do you know, it wouldn't surprise me at all to discover that this tomb has only very lately been sealed up. Maybe months, or weeks; maybe days even."

"It's to be hoped the mummy is properly dead," said Ben sarcastically. "The way you go on, doctor, you'll have the chap only just falling sick. Give over, will you, doc. This place is spooky enough without you going on."

"Weren't you exposed to *any* sort of culture in your education—if any?" asked Dr. Who sarcastically. "You are at present inside the tomb of an Ancient Egyptian Pharaoh, a place where few people have ever been, and all you can do is scoff."

"Shine the light over here, doctor," said Polly. "Just look at that; it's solid gold. What is it? It looks like some sort of a carriage."

"A chariot, my dear, a chariot," said the doctor, shining his torch on the object. "Not quite solid gold, but there's enough gold plated on to the wood to pay a king's ransom. You know, children, I'm just beginning to think I was right when I suggested we might be in the tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amen himself. I remember the accounts of its discovery and the opening. It was a smaller tomb than was usual and it was heaped with objects of fantastic value which had been the king's possessions in life.

"He was only a young man when he died. Just about your age, Ben. About the same height and build too, if one can judge from what little is known about him."

"Here, I say," protested Ben indignantly. "I don't know that I quite like being compared to a *mummy*."

"A dummy might be more correct, my boy," beamed the doctor and Polly broke in.

"Now then, you two, stop bickering. Like the doctor says, Ben, this is a marvellous experience. Here we are surrounded by some of the most wonderful treasures you could imagine. No one knows we are here and this tomb will be buried deep in the ground. We can help ourselves to all we can carry, get into the *Tardis*, and hop off to some other place and time and no one will be any the wiser."

"Golly, Poll," marvelled Ben with a grin, "you've got something there all right. What about it, doctor?"

The doctor's face was a study. "Do you have any idea of what you have just suggested?" he demanded truculently. "I did not think I was harbouring *tomb-robbers*. Would you think of digging up a grave and helping yourself to any valuables that might have been buried with the—er—corpse? Have you no human feelings at all?"

"But, doctor," said Ben, "this chap's been buried for—how many thousand years did you say? It isn't the same thing at all. You did say that all these tombs were regularly robbed. Why shouldn't we help ourselves to some of the loot?"

"Like those incredible necklaces," whispered Polly. "And those masks. They must be solid gold."

"Forget the whole monstrous notion," said Dr. Who sternly. "The person entombed in here, whoever he or she is, was a living, breathing human being like ourselves. The mummy is entitled to be left to rest in peace without greedy vandals like you two stealing the few precious articles it valued in life."

"Few precious articles!" said Ben. "Why, this is a treasury. It's like Aladdin's cave. There seems to be all the gold in the world down here."

They were stepping quietly through the narrow ways of the tomb, the light bobbing up and down in the confined spaces. In every corner was piled furniture and clothing, chariots, chairs, beds, cupboards, jars, boxes, all heavily plated with gold, rich enamels and jewels. There were many objects that even Dr. Who could not recognise or identify; all jumbled in corners, in any vacant spot; some upside-down, as if they had been crammed in in a very great hurry. Not one of them showed even the slightest evidence that they had ever been disturbed.

"It is, it must be, the very tomb discovered by Howard Carter," said the doctor with satisfaction. "At least it *will* be discovered by him, a few thousand years into the future. I remember all the stories about this tomb and they are all borne out by what we see around us."

"Isn't it quiet?" murmured Polly. "I feel as though there are ghosts about us, the ghosts of people very long dead and haunting the place."

"Pooh, nonsense," scoffed Ben. "Besides, it isn't all that quiet. I can hear something, can't you?"

"Hold still everybody," snapped the doctor. "There is some sort of a sound, coming from very far away and as though deadened by something."

They all held their breaths and listened. By straining their ears to the utmost they all heard it. It was like a very faint and faraway knocking as though from some great distance someone was knocking on a wall. Polly clutched hold of Ben and clapped a hand over her mouth.

"Don't scream, Poll." Ben tried to grin but it was a sickly effort. "I know what you're thinking. You're thinking it's the mummy come alive again and knocking to get out——"

Dr. Who looked at them both angrily and his face was working in the light of the torch.

"You two make me sick," he snorted. "For even such an idea to cross your minds shows such colossal ignorance that I almost despair of you both. Have you no idea what the Ancient Egyptians did to their dead, no knowledge of the long process of mummification that was their custom?"

"No, doctor, we haven't," Ben replied, licking his dry lips. "But I do know that we've had just about enough of this place and the sooner we get back to the *Tardis* and clear out the better. I'm speaking for Polly as well as myself. Let's just load up a few of the valuables and hurry out of here."

Dr. Who grinned and his face was like that of a demon in the flashlight illumination. "More abysmal ignorance, Ben. Do you realise that there are guards outside this tomb, men with weapons, whose one object is to kill tomb-robbers? If they don't kill them on sight, the later deaths of such unlucky intruders is dreadful to think on."

"They wouldn't find us," replied Ben hotly. "You said this place was all sealed up——"

"The noise is louder now," squeaked Polly and she clung more tightly to Ben. "It's like people digging, spades and pick-axes and so on."

"Nonsense, girl," rapped the doctor. "If this *is* the tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amen, it was never robbed or even tampered with until Howard Carter chanced upon it in the twentieth century."

"Oh, give over all that 'has' or 'will' stuff, doctor," said Ben irritably. "This is not the time or place for that stuff. The noise is louder. It looks to me as if those precious tomb-robbers of yours have overpowered those guards and are breaking in. I still say we should get out of here."

Dr. Who paused irresolutely. The sounds were certainly louder now.

"Maybe you're right, my boy," he said mildly enough. "But I would dearly love to have a good look round in here before we go. This is a most historic moment for me. We can't just go without examining this place. Now here, for instance . . ." and he tapped the wall, " . . . is the sarcophagus chamber itself. Inside this there is another and inside that still another. I think there are four chambers like that, one inside the other and right at the middle is the sarcophagus itself, containing the mummy of the dead king in its mummy case covered with the purest of gold. The face-mask alone is absolutely priceless——"

"Like this one, doctor," grinned Ben, and he reached down and picked up a golden face-mask, covered with hieroglyphics and bearing a painted representation of the face of a young man, with open eyes and tranquil expression. He put it over his head and they recoiled from him in fear.

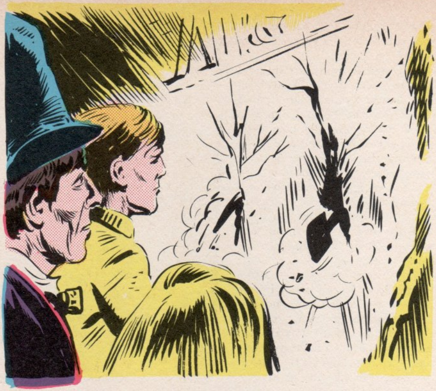
"The likeness is remarkable," whispered the doctor. "You could be taken for the Pharaoh himself, my boy."

"Flattered I'm sure," came Ben's muffled voice from inside the mask. "This is what I'll take out of the tomb, doc. This ought to be worth a bit up there in the twentieth century, eh?"

"If you could get it there," snapped the doctor, "it would be worth the ransom of several kings. But I can assure you, my boy, that I will not permit you to take it——"

Then Polly screamed. After that first piercing scream she stood rigid, as though frozen in horror, pointing at the plaster wall in front of where they were standing. They both looked and Ben gave a strangled gulp.

Dr. Who snapped off the light and



they stood motionless. But before the light had gone out they had all seen the breaks in the wall and the ends of the tools being used. Then in the darkness, came the glint of moonlight from outside and muttered voices. The voices stopped and so did the digging.

"They heard your scream, Polly," whispered the doctor. "It's tomb-robbers, after all. And this cannot be the tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amen. I'm very disappointed about that, but all the same it's still a marvellous opportunity. As I remember, few of the Pharaohs' tombs were found to be undisturbed. If only I knew more about those ancient times. If only I could think."

"Then think fast, doctor," came Ben's muffled mutter. "The digging's going on again. They've discussed it amongst themselves and they've been able to convince themselves that Poll's scream was their own imagination. Here goes back to the *Tardis* for me. Who's for sailing?"

"Wait, wait," implored Dr. Who as Ben grabbed hold of Polly's arm and began to drag her backwards. "Don't go yet. I've got an idea, a most brilliant idea. This has just got to be the very tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amen. It has to be."

"Don't see that it matters," growled Ben. "It's a tomb and we're in it and we want to get out. Let's get out to the stars and the galaxies. They are no colder or more lonesome than this spooky place."

"That's it—spooks," said the doctor eagerly. "These tomb-robbers; they aren't superstitious themselves. They have to be hard villains to take up the trade. But there isn't a man, no matter how matter-of-fact and materialistic he is, who wouldn't be frightened out of his wits if he found something living in a tomb!"

"Don't be so certain, doc," sniffed Ben, still inside his face-mask. "If there's so many of the old Gyppos take to this lark of robbing the tombs of the mummies, this lot'll probably think it's another lot who've got in first. I don't fancy getting stuck with some of the primitive weapons these chaps will have. Even a spade or a pickaxe would be better than the weapons we have with us, which are strictly nil."

Dr. Who appeared to be half-convinced and he took a step or two after Polly and Ben. Then he took root and refused to budge another step.

"You two go on back," he said. "I'm going to stay and see what happens. Maybe I can scare them away so that the tomb does remain undisturbed."

"You've made up your mind that this *is* the tomb of Tut-What's-His-Name, haven't you, doctor," came from Ben's mask. "Well, I'll make a bargain with you. You take Polly back to the *Tardis* and make ready for sailing, leaving the door open for me. In return, you've got to let Poll and me take back at least a souvenir."

"It isn't 'back'," said the doctor irritably. "I keep telling you, Ben, *this* is the past. If I let you take anything it'll be 'forward' into the future."

"Who cares?" said Ben gaily. "Take hold of Polly's hand. I have ideas too, you know. Give me that flashlight, doctor. You can feel your way back all right. There's not enough room inside here to take any wrong turnings. I won't be long. If I'm right, it'll take me about five minutes."

"What do you intend to do, my boy?" asked Dr. Who curiously.

He handed over the torch and Ben flashed it upwards on to the gold face-mask he wore. He had poked holes with his finger through the thin gold over the eyes and his own eyes glinting through the gold mask showed evident life. The effect was terrifying and the doctor gave a sickly sort of laugh.

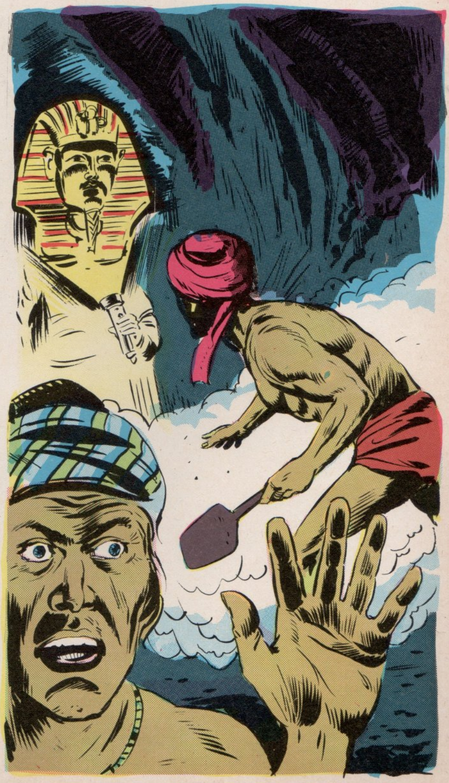
Ben turned towards the breaks in the plaster wall. He saw naked feet coming through, first one head and then another. With the torch still flashing up on to the mask, he let out a quite respectable hollow moan.

The two men, half-naked, stared up at the apparition in horror. Their mouths opened and two frightful screeches issued from them. The heads disappeared and then the feet. There was a sound of earth falling and then rocks roaring down outside.

Ben turned and made his way back towards the *Tardis*. He took off the heavy mask as he ran, for he felt intolerably hot with it over his head. He gained the doorway of the *Tardis* and he looked down at the golden thing in his hand.

No, he couldn't take it, could he? The doctor was right. This was the tomb of a young man not long dead. Dr. Who had said himself that Ben bore a remarkable resemblance to the dead Pharaoh. That in itself was something to treasure. He threw the thing down and stepped inside.

"Batten the hatches, doc," he said merrily. "Up anchor and away. Let's get where the stars are. This still could be the tomb of your old Tut chum, doc. When those villains scarpered there was a most unholy rockfall outside. I'd say this tomb just could remain undiscovered until the twentieth century."



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